

# Improvement Era



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## The Shakespeare Tercentenary

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With this month of April, 1916, there is to be held a world-wide celebration of the birth and death of the poet William Shakespeare. Is it not superfluous to prefix to that name any adjective of admiration or applause? In the words of the bard himself, "His fame folds in this orb o' the earth." He is the poet of poets, he is the dominant literary genius of modern times. Shakespeare is the triumph of peace, he is the intellect who gave mankind a limitless wealth, making the world that much the richer, and building his own vast pyramid of fame without the use of the sword. "He closed his mortal existence on the same day which saw its commencement." Between that 23rd of April, 1564, and that of 1616, in the labors of Shakespeare how immense our gain! Remove the result of those labors from the world, and how much the poorer were we! Can imagination conceive the modern world without the creations of Shakespeare?

Our knowledge of the life of the dramatist is meagre, indeed. Next to the Greek poet Homer, there is not another of the great ones of whose existence we know less. Of the Catholic poet Dante, of the Puritan poet Milton, we know much more than of that supreme and universal genius who lies buried in the church at Stratford-on-Avon. But Shakespeare lives for us in the superabundance of his marvelous creations.

The tomb of the poet, in the chancel of the English church will be, this month, heaped about with flowers. What though war may hold in its grasp the lands of Europe, yet the thoughts of men, those who meet in friendship, or those who meet as foes, will be turned toward that shrine. Shakespeare is too great to be forgotten, either in "the piping times of peace," or when the world resounds with the clash of arms.

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.





SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB  
Stratford-on-Avon

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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VOL. XIX

APRIL, 1916

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No. 6

## A Pertinent Sermonet

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BY FRANK B. MATHESON

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"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things [the temporalities of life] shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33).

Could more be expressed in fewer words? In the greatest of all inspired sermons, the great Teacher solemnly outlined to his disciples a multiplicity of sacred promises predicated upon that all determining principle of obedience, admonishing them to refrain from the evils of hypocrisy and deceit, affirming that "there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known." Moreover, by example as well as precept, he taught his hearers to lay up for themselves "treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal;" and to take no thought for the morrow, saying, "What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

Let us not conclude from the Master's admonition that he was not mindful of the temporal requirements of this existence, for we read: "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." The Savior desired his disciples to realize and comprehend, in a measure, at least, that this life is not the end but rather the means toward the end. He strove to indelibly impress upon their minds that they could "not serve two masters," they could "not serve God and mammon;" or, in other words, they could not devote the days of their earthly probation in unprofitably accumulating unto themselves the wealth and refinery of the age, and at the same time be diligently laboring in the service of their fellow men, complying with such divine statutes as would ultimately gain for their souls salvation, with its attendant gifts and blessings in the presence of their God.

Conditions, socially speaking, were not essentially different

in the Meridian of Time than in the present age. There were some who, so assiduously enwrapped in the problems and perplexities of their temporal affairs, gave little or no moment to their souls' salvation, and only in the instance of calamity or distress were they perhaps brought to a forceful realization of the existence of an Omnipotent Power. Their days were spent in gratifying their carnal lusts and desires, and in perhaps heaping to themselves, through covetousness, the spoils of graft, or illegal gain. There were many who gave ear to the whisperings of Satan, whose purpose it is to thwart the work of the Eternal Father in bringing "to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." Money was just as much the ideal of men in those days as now. In fact, the possession of wealth very materially determined a man's popularity in the eyes of the community, and social and civic distinction was sought after as much by the contemporaries of the Savior as by the multitudes today.

We would be safe in stating, however, that the social evils of today have developed proportionately with the wide expanse of human habitation, and are perhaps of a more universal character. The scale of operation in this era, in all branches of social enterprise, has assumed such prodigious proportions, that the sins of many professed Christians are left unexposed.

The salvation of one's soul today is, in reality, given but passing and secondary consideration. There are millions of honest souls who desire virtually to "seek the kingdom of God," having become decidedly diseased and disgusted with "modern Christianity." Yet are they so priest-ridden and deceived by the half-truths and misleading statements of those from whom they seek divine counsel, that the way of truth is darkened to their vision. The religion of today is often a means of deception, and the religious worship is given to amusement. Little wonder that men become skeptical, even questioning, in the dark hour of gloom and despair, if the Christian God of years gone by was not the subject of but mere superstition.

Little wonder that the philosophers and deep thinkers of the age conclude that Christianity has utterly failed. They see in the churches a "form of godliness" but the power thereof is denied; the "shepherds" are divining for hire, and the ears of the congregations are turned unto fables. Now do men seek first the temporalities of life, and then, after years of toil and struggle, recline in ease and worldly splendor, greatly dismayed and disappointed in that God does not whisper sweet rest and contentment in their eager and now attentive ears. And having wasted the days of their probation in laying up for themselves "treasures on earth," they spend the remaining years of their lives in sorrow and regret, realizing full well that instead of "seeking the Lord" while he could have been found, they procrastinated the day of their re-

pentance, and now as the inevitable hour of their departure is at hand they cannot say, as did the servant of the Lord:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day \* \* \* "

As Latter-day Saints, we have felt the divine care and parental protection of the Omnipotent in all our wanderings; we have been blessed on every hand; the barren and unfruitful land of the desert has been made to yield to our needs; and with the aid of our Heavenly Father we have prospered and become a mighty people in this the Land of Promise. I affirm that all this has come through obedience and submission to the will of God, and because we have sought "first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

Let us guard our future steps and not be found going the way of the world which leadeth to destruction and death, for we are warned by the Master: "My kingdom is not of this world." Let us remember the parable of the Savior, uttered at the instance of a certain man who, even after hearing the plea of the great Shepherd to rely more faithfully on his sure promises, asked divine aid in securing from his brother a portion of the inheritance:

"And He said unto him, man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?

"And He said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

"And He spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully. \* \* \*

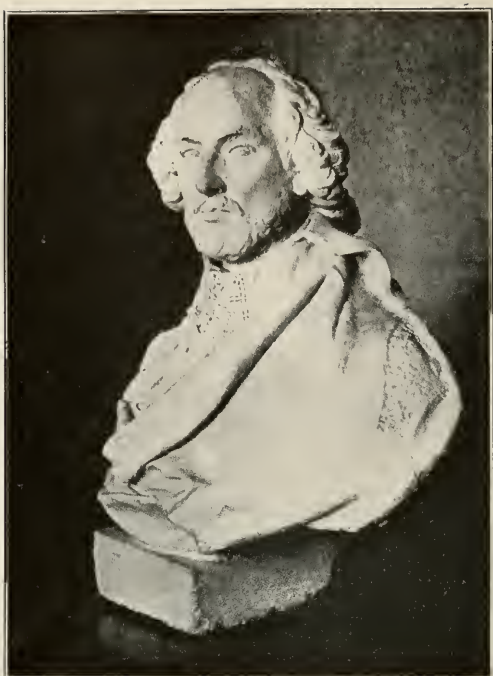
"And he said, This will I do, I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

"And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry.

"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall these things be, which thou hast provided?"

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.





## Shakespeare

April, 1564—April, 1616

Immortal Bard, who sleeps by Avon stream  
And Stratford meadows bright with English flowers,  
In wonder-love a world of thee doth dream,  
This April month, with rainbows on the showers.

The thoughts of men are sent across the seas  
To where thy birthland greens 'neath weeping skies,  
To that gray church amid the budding trees,  
Wherein the dust of Engand's poet lies.



Above the yews, they see the ancient spire  
Beyond that house wherein ye first drew breath,  
They learn all human passions from thy lyre,  
And speak thy fame which triumphs over death.

With this day's sun three centuries are gone  
Since first the infant bard looked on the prime,  
And April closed the eyes of Avon's Swan  
Whose voice shall reach the farthest gulfs of time.

O in this hour, Great Bard, all honor thee,  
Thou who did'st sing a listening world to teach;  
The nations' poets bend once more the knee,  
Exalt thy station with their diverse speech.



BIRTHPLACE OF SHAKESPEARE



SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL—THE CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE

And countless thousands greet thy day of birth—  
Day set by fate to lead to death's dim strand—  
One thought this time makes kin of all the earth,  
To find a centre in thy native land.

The creatures of thy brain before us pass,  
From thine our realm of laughter and of tears;  
While ever fall the sands, within time's glass,  
The past shall give them to the future years.

Hail, then, "Sweet Shakespeare" on this natal day!  
All hail to thee, vast intellect of art!  
Hail thee, this time which claimed thy mortal clay,  
All hail thee, master of the human heart!

Immortal Bard, whose triumph is for all,  
Whose genius sheds a glory on the race;  
The poet of the cottage and the hall,  
One whose vast thought nor fails in time nor place!

The laural wreath is on the poet's head,  
To dust the poet's body nature brings;  
The wreath for Shakespeare, Shakespeare lying dead,  
And sacred far beyond the dust of kings!

The wreath to Shakespeare in supernal light,  
The love of all the nations gives it now;  
To world-loved Shakespeare standing on the height,  
The light divine upon the deathless brow!

All tongues unite to make the one acclaim,  
From shore to shore, from land to land, it runs:  
The years but add new lustre to his name—  
Lo! Avon's Bard is bright among the suns!

—Alfred Lambourne



## Being Good for Something

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BY FRANK S. HARRIS, PH. D., PROFESSOR OF AGRONOMY, UTAH STATE  
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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The day of high honor for mere negative goodness has passed. No one denies that the absence of bad should not receive due credit; but in this day of action, the world expects a man to be more than a mere lump of inert clay. There is work to be done and the man who is able and willing to do this work is the one to whom the world is anxious to pay homage. Respect is doubtless due one who fails to do evil, but in order to be honored in the highest degree one must not only refrain from evil, but he must, in addition, accomplish something of positive value. The motto of righteousness has changed from simply "being good" to "being good for something."

There was a time when one who did not have to work was considered very fortunate; in fact, it was quite the fashion to boast of idleness. An aristocracy was developed composed of those who could afford to do nothing; the man who worked was looked on as an inferior being. This is now changing, and the most wealthy are proud to boast of industry and thrift. The distinction of being "above" work, because of family connections, or inherited wealth, is losing its charm. At present the aristocracy of accomplishment, resting on the firm base of dignified labor, is rapidly becoming the respected class. The world is less interested in the wealth of a person's great grandfather than in what the person himself has accomplished, and what he is able to do. The center of interest has shifted from *being something* to *doing something*. Some people are still satisfied to live on the reflected glory of ancestors; but the progressive spirit of the day sympathizes but little with such an attitude.

There is work in the world for every man; so why waste time in getting at it? Every young man has his own peculiar capabilities. He is by nature fitted to do something, and he should be restless until he gets about his life's business, or begins to prepare himself for it. He must consider his natural inclinations and the opportunities that are open, and when he has made up his mind what to do, he should not waste time drifting about from pillar to post in an aimless fashion, but should begin at once on his work. Nor should he be satisfied with being only "pretty good" in his profession; he should strive to be an expert. In this day of opportunity every man may be master of some kind of work,



and one should be ashamed to go through life in company with himself unless he can develop the self-respect that comes only through mastery.

The vocational department of the Y. M. M. I. A. offers a splendid opportunity for every "mutual" worker to get expert advice regarding his life's work. Too many boys are letting this opportunity pass, and I am afraid some of them will wake up, after having spent the best part of their lives drifting, to find that they are first class failures, when it comes to special skill in doing the world's work. They will find themselves able to do only the things that can be done by the great mob of unskilled and often unemployed laborers who are often a menace to every community.

I wish something could be said and done to make young men realize how important it is for them to attain an industrial independence, by being able to do some necessary work exceptionally well. No boys in the world are naturally better than those reared in the valleys of the mountains; but if they would compete with the world, they cannot be satisfied with mere lack of badness. They must in addition have active ability to accomplish something. This is the highest type of virtue.

LOGAN, UTAH

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## Popular Novels

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We read that the *New York Times* recently induced twenty-eight of the most popular novelists of the United States and England to state which in their opinion are the six best novels in the English language, and their answers resulted as follows. The date is the year when the novel was published, and the parenthesis gives the number of votes each received:

- Vanity Fair*, by William Makepeace Thackeray, 1846. (14)  
*Tom Jones*, by Henry Fielding, 1749. (11)  
*David Copperfield*, by Charles Dickens, 1850. (7)  
*The Scarlet Letter*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1850. (7)  
*Robinson Crusoe*, by Daniel Defoe, 1719. (6)  
*Ivanhoe*, by Sir Walter Scott, 1820. (4)  
*Lorna Doone*, by R. D. Blackmore, 1869. (4)  
*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, by Thomas Hardy, 1891. (4)  
*Tristram Shandy*, by Laurence Sterne, 1759. (4)

The remarkable thing about it is that these novelists have such a poor opinion of each other and their contemporaries as not to name a single novel of a modern writer. Only one in the list named is alive—Hardy, and he is well up in the 70's.

# The Cape to Cairo Railroad

BY ORVILLE W. CUTLER

South Africa! Almost the first thought we have when those words are uttered is: "Oh that's the home of the niggers!" I know, for I had much the same idea, but having traveled throughout this wonderful little-known, rapidly-developing country for two years, I have come to a very different conclusion. South Africa is, undoubtedly, one of the new and practically undeveloped resources of the world, even though diamonds and gold



"MAGDALA COTTAGE"

South African Mission Headquarters, Capetown

have been forthcoming for nearly five decades. \* \* \*

I desire, in this short letter, to call attention to one of the great undertakings in Africa which is destined to link together the cities of northern and southern Africa by rail. I speak of the Cape-to-Cairo railway. When this road is completed it will be 5,600 miles long and one of the marvelous achievements of the world. It might well be called the road of a thousand wonders, for according to its constructing engineers, it will lead past lions and giraffes; it will extend from civilization to barbarism. At the Egyptian end, this railway will pass through the land of the Pharaohs; it will pass—indeed it already passes—through scenes

in which the earliest civilization developed; where men built great cities and wrought sculptures which are still among the chief wonders of the world; where the first great school of learning



REFUGEE MONUMENT

Erected at Bloemfontein, Africa, in commemoration of the 26,370 women and children who perished in the concentration camps, as a consequence of the Boer War, 1899-1902.

Elders, Sharp and Cutler. This road may cross the very footprints of our Savior, where he was taken into Egypt in his childhood to escape the wrath of King Herod; it will carry grain and riches and means of life across the land which Joseph saved from famine and it will touch at Alexandria. The scenes change from civilization to the natives of barbarism. Starting in the north, where Egypt with its buried treasure lies, the line reaches south across historic battlefields where teeming armies fought; the shining steel leads on and on to the great lakes of equatorial Africa; the road passes through dim forest lands where pygmies dwell; it stretches on through the haunts of lions, which sometimes try to tear the drivers from their engines; past the homes of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus and over places where jackals and hyenas howl at night and grind the bones of dead giraffes; it passes the graves of 30,000 poor, foolish people who, on the advice of their witch doctor, slew their cattle and left themselves to perish, because the doctor had told them if they did so a god would arise from the earth to drive the white man to the sea and give their riches to the natives. It touches a lake as large as Ireland—Lake Tanganyika—and another lake half a mile in the air; it reaches from savagery, and the silent splendors of nature, to the land of gold and diamonds, and finally ends at the foot of the continent at Cape Town. Such a road is one holding forth to view a thousand wonders, and the time is fast approaching when it will truly be a reality, as men are working from both ends. The greatest trouble at present is from two sources—the wild animals which continually are carrying men away, and the dangerous swamps which must be overcome.

South Africa!—the land of “unlimited possibilities;” the land of a thousand undeveloped resources; the land where fortunes await to be made, is fast becoming the home of the white man.

There are good, bad and indifferent people here—its population is made up of all colors and nationalities ; but, through it all, there still runs the pure blood of Israel, who must be “hunted and fished” and brought up to the land of Zion.

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA



THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN MONUMENT, IN  
THE LINCOLN CEMETERY, SPRINGFIELD,  
ILLINOIS.

The missionaries sitting on the steps are,  
from left to right: A. S. Reber, Little-  
field, Arizona; Fern Harrison, Pinto; A.  
J. Jex, Spanish Fork; H. C. Sylvester,  
Elsinore; and Alta Craig, Layton, Utah.



# The Gospel

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BY NEPHI JENSEN

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Emerson, in his essay on Plato, quotes with approval: "He shall be as a god to me, who can rightly divide and define." This is high praise for those who formulate definitions. But any one who has attempted to give the meaning of some words in daily use will admit that Emerson's encomium is not extravagant. The little word "truth" followed by a question mark, is still shrouded in as much mystery as the sphinx.

Definition. It is almost as difficult to fully and correctly define the word "Gospel" as it is to tell what truth is. Around this plain, Anglo-Saxon word has raged many a bitter, hard-fought, polemic battle. What a world of strife would have been avoided if every student of Christianity who has written or spoken this word had known fully what he was talking or writing about?

It is a very common experience of missionaries of the Church to have some one accost them, at the close of a meeting held by the elders, and ask half defiantly, "Why are you sent to preach to us? We have the gospel." What do these critics mean? Simply that they have the New Testament record of the life, ministry, and teachings of the Christ. To modern Christians the story of the Christ is the gospel. And they seem to find warrant for this notion in the words of Paul, in the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians. The chapter opens with the words. "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel." Then follows a brief recital of the important facts in Christ's ministry. But the language of the second verse of this chapter, "By which also ye are saved," indicates that Paul understood the gospel to be something more than the story of the ministry of Jesus Christ.

The definition of the Anglo-Saxon, "godspell," which is "story of God" is incomplete, for the gospel is more than a story. Mark speaks of the "beginning of the gospel." Evidently he is not speaking of the beginning of a story, but the inauguration of the practice of a system of religion. The real nature and purpose of that system of religion is expressed in Paul's testimony to the Romans: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth."

The gospel is the truth about man's divinely ordained destiny, plus divine power to work out that destiny. It is not only "The plan of salvation," but it is also, as Winston Churchill says, the

"motive force" that impels man to follow the plan. It is the principles, ordinances and agencies through which and by which man calls to his aid, in his struggles to be free from the deadly foes of the soul, the "power of God," the power by which the strength of God is added to the strength of man.

The gospel is better than any human code of conduct; primarily because it not only tells man what is right, but gives him the strength to do the right. The wise man can say to another, "You are doing wrong," but he cannot give the wrong doer the will to turn from the wrong. The moralist can graphically picture to the sinner the tragic end of the downward course, but he cannot nerve the sinner with the strength to break the shackles of his bondage. The gospel is stronger and truer than the wisest words of the wisest men, because it has the power to make bad men good and good men better.

A true believer in the gospel of Christ can have no sympathy with Dr. Charles Eliot's notion that in the religion of the future there will be nothing "supernatural." The distinctive work of the gospel is to transmute human nature into divine nature. If it fails to do this, there is no more excuse for its existence than there is for the writings of Plato. If the gospel does not impart the faith that can "quench the violence of fire," and "stop the mouths of lions," it is a mere sentiment devoid of saving virtue.

That man needs superhuman aid in his struggle to rise above the influence of enslaving sin, and that, by compliance with certain irrevocable laws, thus obtain such aid, is the bedrock foundation of the gospel of Christ. "Ask and ye shall receive" is the supreme promise of the Christ. Religion, as a divine institution, rests upon the validity of this promise. If the soul that asks God in faith for a needed blessing, does not receive an unmistakable answer, religion is a mere human fabric, woven in the looms of human ingenuity. Sir Oliver Lodge was profoundly impressed with the idea that the simple question, "Does God answer prayer?" is the greatest of all questions about religion:

"The whole controversy hinges, in one sense, on a practical pivot—the efficacy of prayer. Is prayer, to hypothetical and supersensuous beings, as senseless and useless as it is unscientific, or does prayer pierce through the husk and apparent covering of the sensuous universe, and reach something living, loving, and helpful beyond?"

But how can man call to his aid the Omnipotent? By what faculty of the soul can frail mortal man command the "powers of Heaven?" The name of that faculty is "faith." It is through faith that the gospel becomes the "power of God unto salvation." "By grace," says Paul, "we are saved, through faith." And lest men might suppose that faith is merely the self confidence that impels man, in merely human endeavors, Paul adds,

"It is not of works, lest any man should boast." Does Paul here teach that salvation "by grace," comes without human effort? By no means. What the apostle emphasizes is the principle that "works" dissociated with that living faith in God, that makes works effective, will not save. Works without faith are as dead as faith is without works. Suppose you have a message you want to send to London. You can send it in two ways. You may have a person actually go to London with it, or you can send it instantly by wireless telegraphy. Suppose, after you had delivered your message to some one and requested him to transmit it, you should meet a man working on a railroad track between Salt Lake City and New York, and you should ask him why he was repairing the road, and he should say, "Oh I am improving this track so that a certain messenger, who is about to carry an important message to London, can pass this way safely." Would you not be tempted to say, "Intercommunication is not 'by works,' but by electricity?" The mental act that snatched from the lightning the secret of electricity has done more to ease human burdens, and surround man with the comforts of life, than ages of physical toil. So, too, the supreme act of faith that brings to the soul the "grace of God," does more to transform the soul than years of spasmodic efforts at self culture without divine aid. What inventive genius is in the industrial world, faith is in the realm of religion.

Paul's positive declaration about the inefficiency of "works," dissociated with living faith in God, was evidently intended to humble the haughty egotists who never think of seeking aid from God, as long as there is a vestige of human help available. Concern about the hidden future sends these men to a palmist or a clairvoyant. Aches and pains send them to the doctor. And disturbances of the mind lead them to the use of narcotics. They know no skill except the human, and no solace truer than some chemical compound. They do not seek God until they reach the last desperate extremity and then only with an insipid faith that commands no favor from God.

The faith which the gospel teaches is something much deeper and truer than a mere mental assent to the idea of divine existence. It is a soul-rooted, living assurance that God will interpose in the affairs of men, not contrary to natural law, but in harmony with a law, superior to the laws of nature, and bestows blessings which no human skill can give. This faith is a gift of God. It is based upon the promises of God, and comes, as Paul says, "by hearing the word of God." And the word of God, here referred to by Paul, is the word spoken by a man who, by the authority of God, speaks as God's agent the words God's Spirit impresses him to speak. The word of an agent is the word of his principal to the customer of the principal only when the customer is assured that

the agent actually has authority to speak for the principal. So, too, it is the word spoken by God's authority that is the word of God to the hearers. It is only this word that creates faith in God. And this is so because of the psychological law that the voice transmutes into sound the knowledge the soul holds. If the teacher of the gospel knows that he has authority from God to speak a certain message, his voice will transmit to his hearers the speaker's certainty of the divinity of the message. Such a teacher is, as Edward Lewis says,

"A voice, not an echo. He is a revealer, not an interpreter. He creates, he does not reproduce. He does not hang on a gospel, himself is the gospel. He has life in himself. He is less a messenger than he is himself the message. He is so highly charged with spiritual vitalities, that his presence is electric, his very body magnetic, his ideas are explosive, his passion is a consuming flame, his gestures are the thrusts or the caresses of the Eternal. He is filled with the Spirit to the point of saturation. There is something about him that suggests, makes palpable, that Bigger World which is the Other World, the Infinite Life, the Universal Soul, the All-embracing Harmony, the Reality of God, and the Rest which ever 'flows around our restlessness.'"

Salvation "through faith," does not mean salvation without effort. It means salvation through efficient effort. It is through faith that man learns to know God, whom to know is life eternal. The saint who, in his need, reaches out in faith for help from God and receives an unmistakable answer learns to know the power of God, and to know the power of God is to know him. The child receives its deepest soul experience when it rushes from some trouble to its mother's warm embrace, and feels the soothing of her lullaby. So, too, the adult who turns from the torment of error and seeks God in trusting faith for help, and in answer feels the calm impress of his Spirit, receives the most certain experience of truth and power that ever comes to a mortal. It is in this way that man receives the testimony of the truth, which makes him so certain of the nobility of goodness and the majesty of truth, that evil becomes loathsome to him.

Faith is not only the key to the knowledge of God, but it is the gateway to repentance. Without faith in the Christ there is no repentance. It is when the erring one through faith discovers that God is still his friend, in spite of the erring ones' unworthiness, that he is mellowed to humility, and his soul is filled with deep regret. When the hope Christ's atonement holds blends with this regret, dead human despair is turned into that "Godly sorrow" that completely reverses the soul's attitude to sin, and turns the human love of evil into Godly love of the good. This "Godly sorrow" for sin is something deeper and truer than the "Sorrow of the world" which impels the wrong-doer to change his perverse course out of the selfish desire for respectability. "The



sorrow of the world," may lead to a partial outward reformation, but it does not quench the heart's desire for sinful things. "The sorrow of the world" is dead, because it does not open the deep well springs of the soul, out of which issue the heart's holiest motives. It is only in the forge of "Godly sorrow" that the love of evil is transmuted into the love of the good, and the divine will welded to the human will. Repentance born of "Godly sorrow" is rising from a human fall by divine strength. It is genuine. It is true. It conforms the soul to truth, through the pure love of the truth.

The Godly repentance the gospel inspires is the law of moral growth and development. It is the very principle of spiritual life. Its operation is almost identical with the principle of physical life. The biologist tells us that if we examine a living cell under the microscope, we shall see three things, nutriment to feed the cell, the living part of the cell, and the dying part of the cell. Moreover the biologists say that life consists in the ceaseless process of the cell taking on nutriment and thereby becoming alive at one point and dying at another; and that when the cell stops dying it stops living, because continuity of the process of changing nutriment into living matter ceases. What the dying of the cell in the body is to physical life, repentance is to the spiritual life. It is the "daily dying" of the evil in the soul to make room for the life of the good. The holy motive, which impels the sin-tormented soul to say, "I will arise and go to my father," springs from the ashes of evil deeds.

The oft repeated truism that every effect is the result of an adequate cause, is as true in religion as in science. The deep impelling motive that effectively turns the soul from wrong to right is not self-caused. Without this "Godly sorrow" for sin that stirs the soul to its very depths, there is no repentance that permanently reforms.

But progress is not possible through repentance alone. Without the faith and hope that the atonement of Christ brings, the sinner "struggling to be free" would become discouraged and give up the fight. In order that the penitent one might hopefully continue the fight against the enemies of the soul he must be assured that the ghosts of past sins will not haunt him. How can he be assured of this? How can two persons who have become estranged because of the wrongful act of the one towards the other be reconciled? Human experience says, Only through some token passing between them by which both are assured that the past is forgiven. This token may be a word, a look or an action. If it carries the thought, "let's forget the past," it removes the estrangement and the spirits of the two again meet as water meets water. Likewise the repentant sinner must receive his assurance of forgiveness from God through some divine token of

reconciliation. Through baptism, "by faith in the operation" there comes to the soul the assurance of forgiveness. This verification in the soul of God's promise of "remission of sins" does not come from the element of water, but through obedience induced by living faith. But faith deep enough and true enough to obtain the witnesses of forgiveness by baptism comes only through the atonement of Christ, and the deep conviction that the one who administers the ordinance acts for and in God's stead by divine appointment. This is no mere dogmatizing. The doctrine is true to the soul's truest experience. An intelligent man in conversation with the writer said, "If I were sick, I should as soon have my little daughter kneel by my bedside and pray for me, as to have a duly appointed elder of the Church administer to me." What is wrong with this man's logic? I was about to say it is not logic at all, but will only say it is neither theological nor philosophical. It is an echo from the modern Christian pulpit from which we hear nothing more significant about prayer than that it is a beautiful sentiment. Prayer is a fact as well as a sentiment. So are the ordinances of the gospel when administered by the priesthood of God. And it is good philosophy, as well as good theology, to say that those who receive the ordinances of the gospel at the hands of men who officiate in the authority of the holy priesthood, obey the laws of God with a deeper and intenser faith than those who receive these ordinances from men self-appointed. The great, solemn, awe-inspiring thought that one is receiving an ordinance administered by one who, of a truth, acts in God's stead, so intensifies faith that there comes to the soul the grace predicated upon obedience. The difference between an ordinance of the gospel and an ordinance of men, is the difference between fact and feigning. The one is a lifeless form, the other is a vital soul-stirring fact.

But reconciliation to God through baptism is not the end of the gospel plan of progress and development. Progress means effort, and effort requires energy. Just as the body through the ravages of disease loses strength, so the spirit is devitalized and benumbed through sin. "The soul that sinneth shall die." Loss of consciousness is one aspect of death. Through sin man loses life. Before he can progress, this life must be reawakened in him. Christ's positive declaration to Nicodemus that a man must be born of the Spirit, is not mere dogma. It is profoundly philosophical. Experience has proved it absolutely true. Life comes only from antecedent life, says the biologist. Spiritual life comes only from the divine source of spiritual life, says the gospel. And the gospel principle of the transmission of life is as true as the biological. By the natural birth man comes into the consciousness of the physical world. By the birth of the Spirit, he comes into the consciousness of the reality and beauty of spiritual things.

The gift of the Holy Ghost is the crowning grace of the gospel. It is through the operation of the Holy Spirit that souls are converted. By this Spirit the "lusts of the flesh and the pride of the eye" are changed into the love of the spiritual and the glory of the good and true; and souls are made "new creatures in Christ Jesus." The Spirit "entwines into our lives" the life of God, it enshrines in our hearts the heart of God, and welds to our brain the mind of God.

The Holy Ghost not only "leads into all truth," but it also fills the soul with that knowledge of truth that "makes men free." Voltaire says, "Power is liberty." It is equally true to say, liberty is security against deceit, for every enticement that leads the soul from the security of truth, speaks in the serpent's original words, "It is desirable." Only he is secure against sin's insidious enticing, who has a living present knowledge of the good and true. And only those who are in the possession of the spirit of truth have this knowledge. For it is not the brain that knows, it is the soul. We feel the truth rather than know it. To those whose smattering knowledge of science has inclined them to the notion that reason is the "only torch," and that men who talk about being "led by the Spirit," are just a little impracticable, it might be interesting to know that so great a scientist as John Burroughs recently wrote,

"We do not know a work of art in the same way in which we know a work of science, or any product of analytical reasoning—we know it as we know those we love and are in sympathy with; it does not define itself to our intellect, it melts into our souls."

It is because the "Spirit of Truth," puts men "into sympathy with" the good, and "melts" the true into their souls, that it is a more infallible guide than the wisest thoughts the wisest sages have put into men's brains. The wisdom of a proverb only guides while the thought of it lingers in the mind, but the Spirit entwines itself into the very fibers of the soul, and becomes a part of the soul's nature, just as the sunlight weaves itself into the fiber of fruit and flower.

The gospel, then, consists of those principles and agencies by which and through which the "power of God" comes to man's aid and transforms him to the "Stature and fulness of Christ." Through faith the soul finds the truth, through repentance it is conformed to the truth, through baptism it is reconciled to the truth, and through the Spirit it is made alive in truth.

Is the gospel true? Does it really enshrine in the heart the great trinity of Christian virtues, faith, hope and charity? Let its history answer. Neither the flaming fagots, nor the gnashing fangs of wild beasts could break the gospel's grip upon the primitive Saints. The history of the restored gospel is no less eloquent in its testimony to the superhuman power of the plan of redemp-

tion. In our time it has proven to be stronger than the lure of gold, truer than the ties of kindred, and more powerful than the fear of death!

FOREST DALE, UTAH

## Learn More

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep, or touch not the Pierian Spring."

We must learn more.  
'Tis not enough that we behold the growth of years,  
Or read the lore  
In tomes, piled high by ancient masters wrought,  
Whose yellow pages mark the slow progress of time  
That long before our day  
Have gathered to themselves a wealth of thought;  
And lightly skim them as the swallow skims the sky.  
'Tis not the whole of life, to live and die.

We have climbed well,  
And left behind the vale of ignorance and doubt  
Where nations fell  
Enchained and fettered by Tradition's hand.  
We have harked the voice of knowledge  
Like a bell ring out  
Until her light of Freedom warmed the land.  
And midway standing, we, twixt gloom and sun,  
Why pause we thus and wist the guerdon won?

Do you not know  
Oh man of Science, nature wise and grim,  
As through slow,  
Long years you trace her works with eyes half blind,  
If satisfied you stand denying any hand save Chance,  
The one-celled amoeba  
Its genesis shall tell from shore to shore?  
Seek further till at last you come to know  
Man's wisdom cannot make a seed to grow.

'Twere all in vain!  
Achievement's triumph, Invention's wondrous gifts  
Were little gain  
When they but aid mankind to lay their brothers low;  
When thirst for knowledge turns to thirst for blood;  
While bitter pain and woe  
Like scourges dire, the land and sea o'erflow.  
They learned to skim the air, the waters span,  
Yet learned they not *The Brotherhood of Man*.

Oh haste the Day  
When man shall drop his egotistic pride  
And once more lay  
His hard earned laurels at the throne of Grace,  
And still toil on, nor satisfied, but ever on.  
He then will say: "Creator,  
Throughout the universe Thy hand I trace,  
With eye and brain Thy mysteries I behold,  
Yet can I not a millionth part unfold."

PROVO, UTAH

VIVA HUISH RAY





ARMENIAN CHILDREN REFUGEES.

The Turks have recently wiped out the Armenians of Levant. At Mush, the Turks killed all the men then hustled the women and children together in a camp and burned most of them to death. The picture shows a group of little Armenians who escaped butchery, and who are being cared for by their Christian teachers in Egypt. Their parents and brothers fought for two months in the hills of Syria, near the Mediterranean, and were rescued by French and English warships.

## Miko

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BY M. A. DENOLAN

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### I

[The author came from Van, Turkish Armenia, to the United States, three years ago, and is now a resident of Salt Lake City. His purpose in coming was to get an American college education. He has not been able as yet to carry out his plan, but has succeeded admirably in learning the English language. He says he could easily have earned his own way through college, but the war coming on, deprived his folks of every earthly possession, and made the family great sufferers. The fleeing survivors are dependent upon him for their support. He says he has witnessed almost identical experiences, such as those described in his story, which are typical of the conditions that have existed in his native land, and which the war has now made more intolerable. The author has made a careful study of the political and social affairs of Turkey.—EDITORS.]

The villages of Shatak were filled with alarm. The name of Miko resounded from one mountain to the other, and throughout the length and breadth of the broad valleys. He had his encampments on the summits of neighboring mountains and cliffs, whence he spread terror throughout the countryside. To the enemy he was like a lion who had escaped from his iron cage, athirst for vengeance against those who had subjected him to a merciless slavery. The Turkish and Kurdish brigands shook with fear at the mention of the name Miko. The Armenians blessed him and prayed for his life. But there were among them some, who cursed their benefactor. It is thus that the sick child curses the doctor. The apathy of slaves leads them to prefer peace and the usual

scant livelihood earned by drudgery, no matter how disastrous. And no one cursed Miko so heartily as Hairo, of the village of Karr.

Hairo was perfectly contented with his circumstances. In his stable were two strong oxen and three cows, besides a number of sheep and goats. Moreover, he possessed fields, which he cultivated with his own hands. He lived in peace and harmony with his parents, already advanced in age, and with a sister. It was true that at harvest time, the Turks and Kurds seized most of his crops, also some of the sheep and cows. Without doubt Hairo worked much and enjoyed little, but what remained sufficed for his meagre needs. It was said that Kurds had abducted an Armenian maiden the day before; that the officials, who had installed themselves in the house of the *reis* (village chief), had outraged his daughter-in-law. A week ago Kurdish brigands had carried away the herd of a neighboring village, after killing the shepherd. But these things did not concern Hairo. Everything was tranquil in his abode. No one had made rude remarks to his siter, Nazek. Besides, he would argue with himself, "Who is to blame in such cases? The people know that such things are customary among the infidels." Thus he calmed his conscience. Each morning with his whip across his shoulder, he drove his oxen to the fields, and at evening he returned humming a song. Why should he not curse Miko, whose audacious deeds had aroused the anger of Turks and Kurds, until there was even a question of establishing a military post in the village.

Soon, indeed, this military post was established. It was near the fountain where the village girls repaired for water. For that reason Hairo was still further incensed at Miko and his comrades.

Certain other villagers were no less incensed against the *haidooks* (revolutionists), because of the military post, and prophesied worse fate for the village. The village chief, Lahak, and the village teacher, Larkios, were among the disgruntled people. The village chief and teacher, by virtue of their office, felt self-sufficient to pass judgment upon political and social problems. Often, when the day's work was over, a number of the dissenting people, mostly men of advanced age, gathered under the roof, or on the porch of the chief, discussing the issues and business of the time. The exploits of Miko and his comrades were the main topic of conversation and discussion.

One black and bleak autumn evening, as they had gathered to rehash the same propositions and problems, there was heard the barking of the dog and a knock on the door, which was opened, and there entered Miko with his six followers, to the chagrin and dismay of the village chief and the rest of the men folk, with few exceptions. Some tried to sneak out and slink away but

were prevented. After the usual salutations, the *haidooks* were invited to be seated. For a moment there was silence and anxious expectation. Some tried to guess the mission of the visit; others commented upon the weapons, carried by the *haidooks*. Women and children were rejoiced by this unexpected visit. By their natural bent of desire and curiosity they enjoyed immensely this opportunity to see these celebrated *fedais* (volunteers). Feats of arms and tales of predatory, heroic deeds have especial appeal to the lively imagination of children; and a woman, particularly uncultured woman, loves nothing so much as a brave, virile and chivalrous man.

"Friends," began Miko, breaking the silence, "I have come to discuss with you certain pertinent and timely questions, which concern all of us. You have heard about us and our work, no doubt; but I am informed that there is a diversity of opinion among you, which is nothing surprising, and the village community is divided into two hostile camps, which is likely, or, I should say, bound to have untoward consequences for us all. We did not shoulder these guns and betake ourselves to the mountains out of love for guerrilla warfare against our Mohammedan neighbors. The way we have been treated by our neighbors of different nationality and the Turkish government needs no recital and comment. I trust you all were and are thoroughly dissatisfied with the state of affairs. Our enemies, by virtue of their racial, religious and political differences, are not amenable to reason. Justice is a thing unknown; corruption is rife in the official circles. Here, in this country, might is right, and a Mohammedan is entitled to the seat of master. According to the orthodox Mohammedan theory, a Christian is a very obnoxious and offensive creature, who is not entitled to any consideration, not even life, unless it please a Mussulman (Mohammedan) to spare his life and allow other privileges. Lack of resistance or ineffective resistance on the part of our forefathers has made the class bolder and more intolerable. They think us to be inferior, but themselves and their coreligionists superior in every way, though they have accomplished nothing worth while with all their supposed superiority. The only conspicuous results of their feats and exploits being those heart-rending ruins of magnificent structures our forefathers built. As a result of this attitude and state of affairs we have been losing; materially, morally and intellectually. Indeed, our state has been no more than slavery. I pondered over this matter long and hard and came to the conclusion that a different course and attitude on our part would bring better results."

"Yes," interrupted the teacher, "by arousing the anger of barbarious Kurds and vicious Turks; also, causing the establishment of a military post in the village."

"That is very true, Mr. Larkios, but it does not mean that we

really are worse off. The Mohammedans will gradually begin to fear and respect us, and they will not treat us better before they have learned to respect and fear Armenians."

"How are you going to teach them to fear and respect Armenians?" asked the teacher.

"Why, by refusing to tolerate abuses, and resorting to force when necessary."

"By shouldering a gun and betaking oneself to the mountains," said the village chief, sneeringly.

"That is a necessary step, Lahak," said Miko, "under the circumstances we cannot do any better. And you cannot say, with any degree of honesty and intelligence, that our activities have been altogether fruitless."

"I don't quite understand you," said the village chief.

"I mean, sir, that so long as we are not enjoying the undivided sympathy and support of our people, at least the great majority of them, the best course is to betake ourselves to the strong defensive works of nature."

"But Armenians around here are not better for your armed company," said the *Kizir* (village mayor).

"Be patient, sir, do not expect miracles. We did not come to such a plight in a year or ten years. Your village may be under no obligation to us, but many others are, more or less. Don't judge the whole by a part, nor part by the whole," said Miko.

"Chief Miko," said an old villager, "why don't you get rid of that military post, which is a source of trouble to us, and danger to you."

"I hope and expect to accomplish that some day, but at present we must be cautious as our armed forces bear no comparison to those of the enemy," replied Miko.

"There you are," said the village chief, "we are living in a sort of armed camp, without being allowed to possess even old fashioned weapons. And we have no training in the use of arms. I don't think I could harm them much, even with your gun and ammunition."

"That is because you never seriously tried to use arms for self-defense," said Miko's assistant.

"Where are we to get the guns and ammunition and train ourselves in their use, *haidook* Miko," questioned a young man from the corner.

"My Friend," said Miko, "where there is a will there is a way. What is difficult is not impossible. In due time I will show you how."

At this juncture an elderly person, with gray whiskers and white hair, wearing a black broad robe and carrying a curved walking stick, entered unnoticed. He paused for a moment and with fearsome feeling observed the discussions had created a



tense atmosphere. There was a pause in the arguments when the old man broke the silence by advancing and saying, "God bless you, boys."

The village chief, taken by surprise, jumped to his feet and noticing the priest of the village, said, "Welcome, elder, welcome." Everyone stood up as a sign of respect, and the priest was asked to make himself comfortable near the fire place.

"Well," began the priest, after sharply eyeing the armed men, "I presume those unusual guests are Miko and his comrades."

Chief Lahak nodded affirmatively.

"What news, sir," said the priest addressing Miko and his company, "have you bagged many infidels?"

"Dear father," said Miko with a smile, "I and my comrades are not after bagging the infidels, as you say, but forcing them to behave themselves and treat us with justice and respect."

"I see," murmured the priest.

There was a pause.

"Do you think, dear elder, we can better our condition by force of arms?" inquired the village chief.

"It is against the injunctions of our holy religion," said the priest solemnly, "'For all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword,' said Jesus Christ our Lord."

"Right, so far," broke in Miko, "but you forget that we have been murdered and plundered, insulted and abused for so many centuries without having used arms, and history shows that our people has been better off whenever resort was made to arms in a concerted spirit. Living in company with robbers, fanatics and cut-throats, whose highest conception of right is might and the Koran, nothing is left for us but the use of force, as that is the only argument they understand."

"Can you meet the Kurds, Turks and government on equal footing, in matter of men, arms and ammunition?" questioned the teacher.

"It is not necessary," said Miko. "What we need to do is to show the brigands and officials that unjust treatment shall prove expensive. Remember the wise old saying, 'a dog's companion must not part with his club.'"

"Times are changed! times are changed! These fledglings are going to get us in trouble," whispered the priest to the village chief, who shook his head in assent.

"But, my son, your attempt has brought upon us fresh trouble already; haven't you learned about the military post in the village?" said the priest.

"That fact must not be viewed with great apprehension. When our oppressors have learned to fear us, through our united and decisive action, they will begin to behave themselves, as they

to in some places, or pull up their tents. And I have come to ask the co-operation of every brave, and self-respecting Armenian. In union is our chief force."

"United we stand, while divided we shall fall," said one of the *haidooks*.

"But we are fallen already," said the teacher.

"That is another reason why we should forge strong ties of union and organize our actions, so as to raise ourselves," said Miko.

"But you cannot raise yourself with your boot strap," said the teacher.

"No, indeed, and we don't mean to. But I purpose to raise our people through a noble ideal, a strong will and courage," said Miko.

"Ideal and will! This is more new fangled stuff. Jesus Christ our Lord came down from heaven to raise us from our fallen condition, in him we must trust and his example we must follow. He is our Savior and shield," said the priest in a wise and dignified tone.

"This is why we are worse off," said an irritated voice, hidden in a dark corner.

"I appreciate your love for Christ, dear father, and in that regard am not far behind, but you must know that our plight has been unfortunate most of the time, since we became Christians as a nation, over sixteen hundred years ago," said Miko.

"Granted, for argument's sake, but what do you expect to accomplish with your noble ideal and will-power as you said?" questioned the teacher with an air of confidence, and grinning the while.

"Almost everything, sir," said Miko in a positive tone. "If ever there was accomplished anything worth while, in this world, it was done through an ideal, will-power and, I should add, courage. It is better not to live than to live without these noble qualities."

"How, in the name of common sense, could you save a people from its degraded condition through ideals, will-power and courage. Make yourself clear, if you please," said the teacher.

"The chief difficulty is to instil those noble, most enviable qualities in a man or people, the rest is comparatively easy," said Miko. "Having a worthwhile object to attain to, for personal as well as common good, will make effort spontaneous and easy. Without it, life becomes a matter of haphazard, thus frittering away time and energy and getting nowhere: will-power to discipline ourselves, and making necessary sacrifices for the attainment of an object, courage to meet the obstacles and dangers unflinchingly. These are virtues. I must add that an ideal presupposes a self-respect which does not allow one to be satisfied with lowly

conditions and base practices. If you and your fellow teachers gave more attention and effort to inculcate these vitally important qualities, and less to this or that *ism* and *ology*, the millennium would not be so far off."

There ensued a pause. Such a line of argument was not easy to grasp for a country people with small knowledge. But Miko intended to strike at the foundation of the evil. To make his ideal permanent he would put it on a solid foundation. And every line of progress rests upon certain fundamental principles which must be disseminated among the people through education. The chief *haidook* was a leader of people pre-eminently, which presupposes the knowledge and ability to educate.

"Miko," began the priest, in a rather vigorous tone, "let me say one more thing. You said you loved Christ, our Lord, bless his name."

"Amen," sounded many throats.

"Why in the name of decency don't you follow him?"

"How?"

"How? I assume you have read well the Holy Book, as you are a learned man, and our Lord said, 'Resist not evil,' while you preach and practice resistance to evil. Do you claim to serve God and devil at the same time? I, for one, cannot and will not do that; and, as the ordained servant of our Lord, counsel you, most earnestly, to change your course."

"I do not think you quite understand the injunction of Christ. He said, 'turn the left cheek if one strike you on the right,' while later on he protested when one of the soldiers of Pilate slapped him in the face. How do you explain that? I don't believe Jesus was inconsistent. He taught by precept and practice that at times it is better to resist, at others it is not. After his last supper he told his disciples that 'he that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one,' without intending to inculcate the idea of bloodshed, but merely indicating the ways of this world, and the necessity of adapting ourselves to our environment more or less. Didn't he come to preach and practice against evil? How can it be overcome without resistance, passive or active? The experience of the human race gives final answer to this."

Then followed a profound silence.

The atmosphere of the room was charged with a new kind of vitality and spiritual force. Those present were deeply meditating and feeling themselves elevated spiritually as never before. The fire in the grate was growing very low, and the wind was howling fiercely, mixing its awesome noise with the ugly howls and barking of the dogs, without attracting anyone's attention, as ordinarily. The report of a few sharp cracks came from the direction of the military post, and no one seemed to hear it.

Conscious of his influence, Miko rose quietly, saying, "Good night, and good bye. I hope to see you again, friends," and disappeared in the dark.

"You are entirely welcome, chief, you are entirely welcome," thundered many voices.

## II

It was at the close of an autumn day. Hairo, far from the village, in the solitary valley, had just finished plowing his last furrow.

"Good luck, Hairo!" cried some one; and Hairo, turning his head, saw Miko and his band of *haidooks* (revolutionists).

"Salutation!" responded Hairo, with suppressed hatred.

"What are you doing here, Hairo?"

"Do you not see that I am working?"

"But why work?"

In answer to this outlandish question Hairo stared at Miko and muttered, "One would think you did not know that one has a family to support and needs bread!"

"Ah! you labor in order to have bread!" exclaimed Miko, ironically. "You do well, Hairo! But do the Kurds and Turkish officials leave you enough bread? Since you labor so much, have you still some bread at home?"

"Assuredly," answered Hairo.

"I am very glad of it," replied Miko. "In that case, dear neighbor, we shall watch your oxen, while you go and fetch us some. As you see, we are fugitives living in the mountains; we are forbidden to enter the villages, we are Christians, like you; Armenians, like you. And we have eaten nothing since yesterday."

That was the last straw! Hairo go and get bread for the bandits, for the rebels! He sought an excuse to refuse, alleging fatigue, and the distance, but in vain. Miko became more stern, more imperious, and Hairo, at last, submitted, muttering, as he left his oxen to take the path to the village, "May God turn his face from you!"

Passing the military post he stopped. A terrible thought crossed his brain. Would it not be better to warn the officials, and rid himself of this demon, Miko. He took a few steps forward, with this intention, but, suddenly, a name, which he had heard many times in the church, held him back—Judas! He stopped short, his lip repeated, automatically, "Judas! Judas!" He ever seemed to hear a mysterious voice repeating ceaselessly, "Judas!" "Judas!" He then hastened past the military post, as if to flee the temptation.

Miko received the bread. Hairo's hatred of Miko increased.



He would have been glad if the authorities had arrested Miko, if they had destroyed him. But he, himself, was afraid to commit crime by betraying Miko.

Days passed, and Hairo resumed his customary labor; he even forgot about Miko. Then, one ominous evening, as he was returning with his son from the field, humming a tune while his animals lazily chewed their cuds, he was suddenly startled by the shrieks of a woman. He stood horrified.

Inside the military post a crime surely was being committed. The victim must be a woman! Near the fountain was the pitcher which she had brought for water. His first impulse was to call for help and run in to rescue but, considering the danger, he paused. What could he do? Of what use to call help? Why meddle in other people's business?"

He took a few steps forward, but could not proceed. Some impulse and emotion held him back. It was the mysterious voice of the race, of justice, of chivalry, newly awakened in his soul, that protested against the doer of the crime.

Suddenly, the door of the military post opened, and a woman tearing herself from the hands of the officials, flew into the arms of Hairo, screaming piteously:

"Save me, brother, save me!"

It was his sister, Nazeh!

Hairo's eyesight failed him, as though a thunderbolt had stricken him blind. It seemed to him that the universe was falling to pieces; that the world was coming to an end. Thus he bore home the little unconscious Nazeh. He heard that the brigands had carried away his cows, but did not seem to be concerned with that very much. He withdrew to a corner, shedding tears that could not assuage his grief. It was long since that he had wept, and his copious tears were bestowed upon all the wounded, dishonored Armenian women and maidens, whose anguish he now could realize. He reflected some, then, wiping his eyes, he took up his club and started out.

The night had already fallen.

"Where are you going, my son?" asked the old father. "The night is pitch black; and you can expect nothing good either from heaven or earth."

"I must go away," answered Hairo. "What I have seen I can no longer endure. Does it rain? So much the better. May it rain stones upon my head! I cursed Miko and his deeds, but if Miko and his deeds are accursed, whose shall be blessed, mine? I labor to nourish the Kurds, and the Turks, and the officials dishonor my sister."

So saying, Hairo left in search of Miko. Long he wandered muttering the name of Miko. The rain beat against his face, the wind blew off his cap and tangled his hair, but on he went, like

the spirit of darkness in search of his prey, like the ghost which the paternal curse drives from the tomb in the terrifying hours of the night. Now and again he stumbled, exhausted in the darkness. He wished that he might be changed into a flame, setting the world afire that the military post might be consumed. He vowed to be avenged, to wash in death the stain of dishonor upon his sister. It was necessary to find Miko, at any cost. For days and weeks he wandered; at last he found him and threw himself at his feet. His face burned with anguish as he said:

"I am unfit to live longer, chief, kill me and throw my corpse to the dogs and wolves. The people related me many wrongs, but I did not feel the misery of others. No one had ever wounded me; no one had pierced my heart, my sister had not been outraged, and I was indifferent. Kill me, if you will, but avenge the honor of Nazeh. Destroy the military post, massacre the officials, thus avenging some of the Armenian maidens!"

He lamented his former ingratitude to Miko, and his comrades. Never was contrition more profound and sincere. It was thus that Hairo became a *haidook*.

"Chief," he repeated often to Miko, "see that I do not die before having beheld with my own eyes the massacre of these ravishers. Then I am willing to die a thousand deaths for you, to go even to the depths of hell, if you wish."

At last the hour of sacred vengeance sounded. It was a dismal night of the late fall. The village of Karr was in a troubled sleep. In those regions, sleep is akin to death, so much do the unfortunate people fear the unknown danger, which they always feel hovering over them. Nazeh lay with open eyes. Since the disappearance of her brother, sleep mostly had forsaken her. She lived only in the hope and expectation that her brother would return. Suddenly the dismal barking of dogs was heard in the distance, and the village dogs responded. That was the only manifestation of life in the village. Shortly a loud report rent the silence, followed by a fusillade.

Nazeh raised herself upon her bed and listened. With the reports of the guns, cries were heard from the direction of the military post. She instinctively realized that the trouble was connected with her. She, trembling, arose noiselessly, dressed herself, and opening the door cautiously, mounted to the roof of the house. The military post was a mass of flames, illuminating the village. In the light of conflagration a desperate battle was being fought. The guns thundered ceaselessly, and Nazeh's breast heaved with a mingled emotion of fear and delight. The thought that Hairo was there, in that combat, perhaps wounded, inspired her with extraordinary courage, and she was seized with an irresistible desire to be there, near the fire, near Hairo; to see with

her own eyes the slaughter of her tormentors, to hear their groans and their death-rattle of agony.

She descended from the roof and ran to the military post. There raged a terrific battle. Some of the officials shrieked in the flames, and others, while seeking to flee, fell under the bullets of *haidooks*. One of the *haidooks* was distinguished by his ardor in the combat no less than by his cruelty. He was a tall, broad-shouldered peasant. The commands shouted by Miko rang through the air, the faces of the avengers lighted by the flames, wore a dreadful aspect. All at once, as a shot rang across the flames, the tall and broad-shouldered man with his peculiar head-gear fell, reeling; and Nazeh at that instant reached and caught him in her arms.

Hairo passed his arms tenderly around her neck and embraced her. He was pale; his lips trembled. The blood flowed from a wound in the breast. Nazeh pressed her hands upon the gaping wound, and covered his pale brow with kisses. Rapidly his strength failed, and he leaned more heavily on Nazeh, murmuring,

"Now I can die; I have vindicated my manhood and avenged your honor!"

Before he had finished his words, Miko approached, Hairo discerning him said, in a faint voice: "Good bye, chief, God bless you and your work."



RICHFIELD M. I. A. SCOUTS

In Fish Creek Canyon. Part of Troop No. 1

# Traveling Over Forgotten Trails

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BY HON. ANTHONY W. IVINS

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## *II—A Desert Tragedy*

Attack by hostile Indians was not the only danger which confronted the early pioneers of Southern Utah and south-eastern Nevada. The country which they were sent to reclaim was a desert, roads were well nigh impassable, and feed for live stock and teams was exceedingly scarce. Medicine and proper medical attention were not obtainable, and consequently many lives were lost from accident and disease which, under present conditions, might have been saved.

In no part of the south did this condition prevail to a greater extent than in the Muddy valley. It was a country of rocks and sand, ninety miles from St. George, the nearest settlement, and that only an outpost of civilization, and could be reached only over one of the most difficult roads on the continent.

The southern route to California bore south-west from Cedar City to the Mountain Meadows, and from there six miles south-east to Cane Springs, from which point it passed on to the Magotsa and Santa Clara, which it followed to the present site of the copper smelter at Shem, where it turned south to Camp Spring, the only water between the Santa Clara and Beaver Dams, on the Rio Virgen, twenty-five miles away. From the Beaver Dams the road followed the Rio Virgen sixty miles to the present site of St. Thomas, on the Muddy, crossing the river as many as forty times.

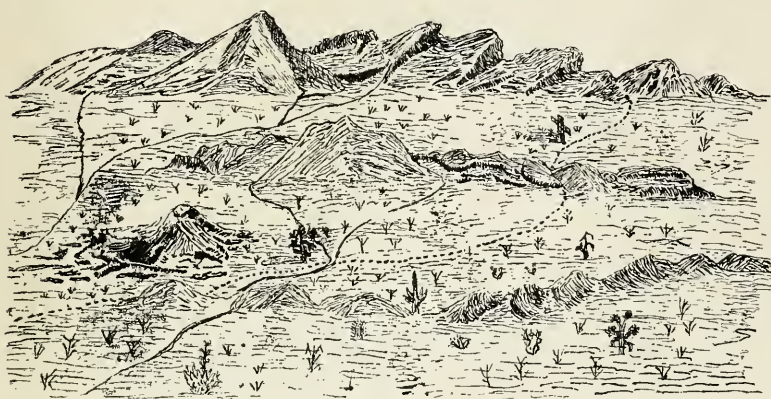
It was a dangerous road, and often impassable, because of the treacherous quicksands which prevailed in the river bed. To reach the Muddy valley by any other than the river route, it was necessary to leave the main road twelve miles North of the Beaver Dams and strike off to the west, over a desert country, to the Upper Muddy, at West Point, a distance of sixty miles without water, except at certain seasons of the year when the scant rain fall filled shallow pockets in the rocks, at the To-quop (Tobacco) Wash, about half way across the desert.

In order to avoid the difficult river route, and make the desert road passable, Erastus Snow, who was in charge of the southern settlements at the time, sent men to sink a well at a point on the Beaver Dam Wash, which would reduce the distance between water to fifty miles, over a desert where, in the summer, the heat was almost unbearable.



Among the people who went from Salt Lake to assist in the reclamation of the Muddy valley, and who located at St. Thomas, at the junction of the Muddy with the Rio Virgen, were James Davidson, his wife, daughter, Maggie, and son, a boy twelve years of age. They were from Scotland, without experience in pioneer life, but with that faith which characterized the members of the Church in those early days of its history, willingly undertook the task assigned them.

On the 9th of June, 1869, James Davidson, his wife and son, left St. Thomas, in company with other travelers, to go to St. George. Their conveyance consisted of a light spring wagon, drawn by a single horse. The vehicle was so shrunk by the arid atmosphere that before the family reached St. Joseph, twelve miles up the valley, a tire "ran off" one of the wheels; and they were obliged to stop until it could be reset. This was done by



THE LAY OF THE ROUGH DESERT COUNTRY

The cross to the upper right locates the boy's grave

their son-in-law, B. F. Paddock, and they started to overtake their traveling companions, who had left them and gone on. Paddock, who was an experienced frontiersman, warned them not to attempt to cross the desert alone, but to return home, or wait at St. Joseph for other company, unless they overtook the party in advance. They did not reach St. Joseph until the following day, and remained there Thursday night, one day behind the people with whom they had expected to travel. On Friday morning, heedless of the warning received, they started on alone.

In June and July, the heat on the deserts of Nevada and Arizona is almost unbearable. During the day the sand and rocks, exposed as they are to the scorching sun, become so hot that the heat can be seen rising in waves. Nor does the night bring relief. The unfortunate traveler who is caught on one of

these desert wastes without water has little chance to survive. With the exception of an occasional lizard, which scuttles over the burning sand from one cactus bush to another, there is no sign of living thing. The birds, even the crow and coyote, those scavengers of the desert, seek the few water courses in order to sustain life.

During the night, on the 12th of June, a horse, famishing for water, came staggering in to the camp on the Beaver Dam Wash, where a party of men were at work on the well referred to. He was watered and fed by the men at the camp, and the following morning William Webb, one of the well-diggers, went back on the road, in the direction from which the horses had come, and there, only half a mile from the camp, with a canteen and one gallon keg lying near found the body of a boy, so swollen and distorted by the heat that recognition was impossible. A grave was dug, and there on the desert the body was interred, a head-board, without inscription, marking the spot.

The following Thursday morning, four days after the interment of the body, Lorenzo Young, traveling from St. George to the Muddy, arrived at the well, and, hearing the story of the boy and horse, pressed on over the desert road, his knowledge of frontier life suggesting that a tragedy had been enacted. Upon arriving at the rock pockets he found that the boy had passed near them, but being ignorant of their existence had gone on toward the well. Five miles farther west, he found the bodies of the parents, lying together on a bed they had made under a desert palm, over which a blanket had been spread to shield them from the sun which had slowly burned out their lives. To Lorenzo Young the whole tragedy was revealed. Leaving St. Joseph alone, they had traveled to within five miles of water where the tire had again "run off" the wheel which had then broken down. Helpless, alone, with their meager supply of water exhausted, the boy had mounted the horse, and with the keg and canteen gone to seek a fresh supply; he had missed the water in the pockets, and had heroically struggled on to fall exhausted within sight of his goal.

The suffering from thirst, the anguish of the parents for the welfare of their son, the despair of the boy as he struggled on, knowing that the lives of his parents depended upon his effort, will never be told. They cannot be, for no one but them could feel it.

No beast or bird had disturbed the bodies, but their condition precluded the possibility of their removal, with the means at hand, so men were sent out to bury them where they died.

The road is never traveled now, it is one of the forgotten trails, but the two graves, on opposite sides of the desert, one

covering the remains of the parents, the other the boy, are mute witnesses of the dangers to which the pioneers of the Muddy valley were constantly exposed.



## The Life that Counts

(Selected)

The life that counts must toil and fight;  
Must hate the wrong and love the right;  
Must stand for truth, by day, by night—  
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;  
In darkest night make melody;  
Must wait the dawn on bended knee—  
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise  
Above the earth to sunlit skies;  
Must fix its gaze on Paradise—  
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;  
The cares and needs of others see;  
Must seek the slaves of sin to free—  
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God;  
And turns not from the cross—the rod;  
But walks with joy where Jesus trod—  
This is the life that counts.

A. W. S.

# The Book of Mormon Aspect of Preparedness

BY JOHN CUTHIERS

[Our correspondent submits to the ERA a lengthy argument for Peace which includes the statements of several leading national characters, newspaper editorials, and comments upon the conditions in Europe, and the cost of the terrible war that is draining the finances and destroying the lives of the nations. He quotes statements in the Book of Mormon concerning Peace from which the following extract is made, with our correspondent's comment thereon.—EDITORS.]

That some at least of the ancient inhabitants of this continent were averse to the continuous and increased use of weapons of war, and of engaging in mortal combat with their brethren, as a means of settling disputes, is clearly depicted in the following extract from the Book of Mormon:

"Now there was not one soul among all the people who had been converted unto the Lord, that would take up arms against their brethren; nay, they would not even make any preparations for war; yea and also the king commanded them they should not. \* \* \*

"Now, my beloved brethren, since God has taken away our stains, and our swords have become bright, then let us stain our swords no more with the blood of our brethren.

"Behold, I say unto you, nay, let us retain our swords that they be not stained with the blood of our brethren, for perhaps if we should stain our swords again they could no more be washed bright with the blood of the Son of our great God, which shall be shed for the atonement of our sins. \* \* \*

"Oh, how merciful is our God! And now, behold, since it has been as much as we could do to get our stains taken away from us, and our swords are made bright, let us hide them away that they may be kept bright as a testimony to God at the last day that we shall be brought to stand before him to be judged that we have not stained our swords in the blood of our brethren, since he imparted his word unto us, and has made us clean thereby.

"And now, my brethren, if our brethren seek to destroy us, behold we will hide away our swords, yea even we will bury them deep in the earth, that they may be kept bright as a testimony that we have never used them at the last day; and if our brethren destroy us behold we shall go to our God and shall be saved.

"And now it came to pass that when the king had made an end of these sayings, and all the people were assembled together, they took their swords and all the weapons that were used for the shedding of man's blood, and they did bury them up deep in the earth. And this they did it being in their view a testimony to God and also to men that they would never use weapons again for the shedding of man's blood; and this they did vouching and covenanting with God, that rather than shed the blood of their brethren, they would give up their own lives.



"And thus we see that when these Lamanites were brought to believe and know the truth, they were firm, and thus we see that they buried their weapons of war, for peace.

"And it came to pass that their brethren the Lamanites, made preparations for war, and came up to the land of Nephi for the purpose of destroying the king, and to place another in his stead, and also of destroying the people of Anti-Nephi-Lehi out of the land. \* \* \*

"Now when the Lamanites saw their brethren would not flee from the sword, neither would they turn aside to the right hand or to the left, but that they would lie down and perish, and praise God in the very act of perishing under the sword; \* \* \*

"Now when the Lamanites saw this, they threw down their weapons of war, and they would not take them up again, for they were stung for the murders which they had committed. \* \* \*

"And there was not a wicked man slain among them; but there were more than a thousand brought to a knowledge of the truth, thus we see that the Lord worked in many ways to the salvation of his people" (Alma 24:6-27).

#### THE NATIONS SHALL NO MORE LEARN WAR

Nearly everybody desires a world peace, and yet there is not apparent anywhere any man free and able and willing to establish it. On the other hand, there are a considerable number of men in positions of especial influence and power who will certainly resist the arrangements that are essential to its establishment.

Let not this exhaust the question or mankind is doomed to a perpetual, futile struggling of states and nations and peoples breaking ever and again into war. Rather let us earnestly entreat our rulers and lawmakers to enact such legislation as will provide for all future national and international questions and difficulties to be settled by mediation and discussion. Thus war will be entirely obliterated and armies and navies will have no pretext for existence. The money spent for increasing the army and navy, and weapons and means of warfare, could be used for the erection of sacred edifices wherein the Gospel of Peace would be taught to young and old, and wherein priest and people would officiate in the holy ordinances of true religion, for *God's truth* and *not increased armaments* are the only sure foundation upon which *the world's peace and the security of nations* shall be established forever.

# Human History not Explained by Evolution

BY ROBERT C. WEBB

[This article is a continuation of a series of contributions by the same author, which appeared in Volumes XVII and XVIII of the *ERA*. The earlier writings have dealt more particularly with the development of organisms, and the bearing of the doctrine of "Evolution" thereon; the present article treats the subject of the varied traits and tendencies of man as summarized under the title "Human Nature," and considers the origin and source thereof. While each article is complete in itself, students are advised to study the entire series.—EDITORS.]

## IN THREE PARTS—PART THREE

To understand the significance of all these movements, beginning with the discovery of America, we must understand that the activities of any period have an inner, a mental or spiritual, as well as an outer expression in acts and efforts. Thus, while some people were going forth to make homes in the New World, others were going about to make a new world at home, crystalizing tendencies to individualism, insurgency, and general restlessness into systems of reform, revised notions on life and morals, and ill-dissembled dreams of universal justice and happiness. These ideals were talked about and fought for, not because people had achieved a higher standard of mentality, so as to be capable for the first time, of appreciating them, but because desiring what they did not possess, as had been vividly illustrated to them, they had found unprecedented opportunities for voicing and propagating their opinions, even by exciting opposition to and persecutions against them. In fact the activities of the age furnished ready and unparalleled channels of publicity. It is easy to understand, however, that, while people are still agitating these "higher ideals," they have not as yet realized the wise method expressed in the advice to "build firm foundations under the castles in the air." In spite of Paine and Jefferson, and the high phrases of the Declaration of Independence, all abuse of power and exploitation of humanity were not scotched by the victory at Yorktown.

Still other elements, however, were released in the general activities of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries. The shaping of events brought the mind of man into closer contact with material facts, begetting thereby a better ability to grasp and assimilate the intellectual achievements of former ages. The labors of Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, and other conspicuous exponents of the scientific method, wrought such a revolution in the habits

of dealing with nature that the progress of the practical sciences, mechanics, chemistry, etc., was made possible. Nor, as previously suggested, do we owe the wonderful scientific achievements of the nineteenth century to anything but the inculcation of a new method of deriving conclusions from the things observed to be, rather than from *a priori* assumptions as to what *ought* to be, or could be reasoned to be, the correct solutions. The old habit of seeking to make the facts fit the theory, rather than deriving the theory from analysis of the facts, still affects many branches of learning apart from the practical and industrial sciences.

It is difficult to realize that, very little over a century ago, no one on earth had ever traveled faster than people could travel in the days of Abraham. Yet the wonderful achievements of practical science, all made within this same period, have come to being solely because a few people, out of all the millions in the world, had learned the evidential value of facts. This is a grand lesson for humanity, particularly in the present day, when there are so many advanced ideas, derived according to the good old method of ignoring facts and inventing conditions to suit one's own prejudices. We learn that the great achievements of history have come to be through no process of evolution, considered as a sort of universal analogue of the development of the germ-potential in the egg into the completed creature, unless, indeed, the "potential" that is developed, or led forth, into reality, is the innate power of the mind to meet the requirements of its environment, or unless it is the working-out of a providential scheme for the development of human affairs. The justification for such a conclusion is found in the fact that the causes and impulses to the grand achievements of the greatest civilization of history are so evidently external to mankind, so entirely adventitious, also so unprecedented in their scope and importance, that the results that have followed are all but inevitable consequences.

Civilization is essentially an artificial environment, which man creates more or less inevitably as a substitute for natural physical conditions—and for some reasons, not perfectly apparent, these fail to satisfy his requirements—just as, having no protective pelt or fleece, he covers his body with artificial clothing. But artificial clothing, used to afford needed warmth and protection, tends to reduce the vital resistant powers of the body against cold, heat, etc. So also the use of tools, instruments and machines, although necessary in art and industry, limits dependence on, and consequent cultivation of, muscular strength, agility and capability. Thus, for health, comfort, practical efficiency, as well as in other departments of his life, man is found to be more or less completely the one element of a total, the other element of which is the artificial contrivance for supplying the deficiencies of his adjustment with nature. By the formation of social organisms,

classes, conventions, laws, etc., the significance and efficiency of the individual is further reduced, until, apart from association with and dependence on his fellows, and on their conventions and traditions, each man becomes increasingly unable to maintain himself. In all the particulars mentioned we may understand how thoroughly man's artificial environment tends to become an essential part of himself, in so far, at least, as he becomes increasingly dependent upon them, in the performance of the social, industrial and other functions of life. Indeed, in a very real and vivid sense, man under civilization clings to his conventions and to his material possessions very much as a castaway clings to a fragment of wreckage. It would seem that he must dread separation from them in just about the same degree that, habitually, he dreads the separation of his body and spiritual part, or as he dreads the possible loss of a limb or any sense or function of his body. In a certain sense, his attitude toward, and his dependence on the artificial environments that have been erected throughout time suggest the possession of instincts for the exercise and control of some physical function, as for example flight, while lacking in his personal body all traces of an organ suited for the performance of such function.

As a general rule, indeed, achievements in the direction of elaborating civilized institutions, arts, sciences, etc., have been realized at the expense of the vital biological significance of the greater majority of individuals. The savage lacks the "refinements" of life, and is, in many ways, a ready victim to derangements of various orders, because of his ignorance of natural fact. But the rank and file of individuals in communities possessing such knowledge—that is allowing certain classes to develop intellectually, etc.—are little, if any, better biologically; often rather worse. Nor are the ignorance, stupidity and brutality in the one case either worse or better than in the other. The differences between individuals of different races are mostly determined by the nature or character of the institutions in which they have been reared. The principal advantage possessed by the average "civilized" individual is that he can more easily conceal his essential character, a degree of cultivation not achieved by the savage.

We may understand, therefore, that, taking an average individual at random from among his fellows, and examining his physical, mental and moral capacities and performances, it must become quickly evident that the "progress" of civilization, in bringing man's artificial environment to great perfection, as it doubtless has done, has achieved no perfectly stable and self-sufficient condition of human life—one in perfect harmony with the requirements of individual well-being, and maintaining it—far less any order whatever of biological "improvement" in the type of mankind. (In such a judgment, we must compare an individ-



ual with the progenitors, or ancient representatives of his own race or nation, so far as we have data for judging these, and not with the ancients or moderns of alien races and tribes, as is often done.)

The facts of history, of progress and of the development of the arts of civilization, are perfectly compatible with the theory that the human animal has actually lapsed from a condition of biological sufficiency and of entire adjustment to natural environment—even such a condition of harmony with nature's laws as is possessed and manifested by wolves, lions and the worms in the ground; lest any one should suspect reference to "glorious pasts"—and that he has fallen into a persistent condition of actual degeneration, as compared with his proper nature, in which he vainly attempts to realize the conditions of his lost "estate" by the erection of an artificial environment. It is not necessary to enlarge on the fact that human tradition has generally postulated a "Golden Age," or original state of happiness and harmony, followed by conditions far otherwise; nor yet to discuss the nearly universal belief that the "ancients" were possessed of "magical," "miraculous," or other exceptional orders of power over nature and natural forces. It is in place, however, to call attention to the fact that a large part of human effort has always been directed to gaining (or regaining?) these very powers and possessions—occasionally, as in the present age, with a show of partial success in some limited particulars. On any estimate of their value, these traditions may indicate merely that the present achievements of science—and some greater ones also—were duplicated in very ancient times. The bearing on the present discussion is about the same on either supposition. The facts argue to one conclusion, which is that no theory of universal or necessary progress, with biological significances, has any bearing on the history of man on earth.

Because the most essential peculiarity of the human mind is that it can not function to its full capacity, unless brought into definite conscious relation with a sufficient number of facts, to gain its attention, start its activities, and "give it a footing," as it were, the whole significance of man's life-experience is that of an educational process—a "leading-forth" of his latent or unused mental faculties, by bringing them into contact with facts, which become, forthwith, the material of thinking. The greater the number of "useful" facts at the command of the intelligence, and the greater their co-ordination, inter-relationing, the more practical and rational the individual's adjustment to the outer world. But, in a very real sense, the process of acquiring knowledge in the human way involves that the mental development taking place, in the meantime, consists importantly and essentially in greater facility, through exercise and experience, in handling and combining

facts. To a mind capable of mastering the facts and principles of a science the acquisition of the most advanced and involved is no more of an achievement—when it is taken in its proper logical order, in relation to the facts that base it—than is the learning of the most elementary. The bearing on the history of mankind, and on the more or less intermittent progress in the upbuilding of civilizations is obvious. Thus, from the standpoint of our present advances in science, we are too much inclined to view the comparatively rudimentary achievements of former ages with a scorn that is wholly unintelligent. Following the lead of numerous unreflecting writers, we will even speak slightly of the ancients, particularly of the “stone-age” and “bronze-age” men, calling them “rudimentary in intelligence,” etc. Yet, as there can be no doubt whatever in an informed mind considering the conditions with unprejudiced intelligence, the first discovery of the methods of smelting and working metals—whenever or however it was made—by persons having no previous knowledge of the kind, was as brilliant, radical and revolutionary, also demanding the possession and exercise of as high and complete mentality as the invention of wireless telegraphy, of the flying aeroplane, or of any others of the most recent and startling achievements of practical science, as they have emerged, each in its proper sequence to the facts and principles on which it depends, in the process of building the fabric of human knowledge. Such inventions could not have been made before—their perfecting out of order in the development of the department in which they belong would have involved too many “coincidences” to warrant belief—not because human mentality would have been insufficient to apprehend them long ago, could their principles have been clearly explained and tested, but because human knowledge had not as yet reached and included the facts, which could alone make them intelligible. In the stage of scientific enlightenment when electrical knowledge had reached no further than the “static” phenomena, such as follow when amber, (Greek, *elektron*) is rubbed with silk, all talk of currents, direct, alternating or polyphase, of whatever tensions or “frequencies,” would have been one mass of incomprehensible verbiage. Thus, as we find, things that would have been classed as “miracles,” or attributed to “witchcraft,” two hundred years ago, are among the familiar commonplaces of today, merely because we have mastered the lines of fact that lead up to them. Isaac Newton would have marveled at an electric door bell, with its modest push-button, its familiar battery of cells and its simple electro-magnets—this outfit would have been a museum of wonders to the man who formulated the law of gravitation and took his recreation among the subtleties of the higher mathematics. He would have hesitated to admit the possibility of telegraphy, being unable to traverse all the many

difficulties in the way of its practical success; nor could he have spared attention for the trans-continental wireless telephone, in the midst of his amazement at the transmission of speech, even by wire.

Yet Isaac Newton was no school boy. He differs from the greatest scientist among us merely in having had a smaller number of facts at his command. So it has been throughout history. The advance among men has been in the progressive up-building—more or less slow and irregular—of man's "artificial environment," the entity known as knowledge, science, culture and civilization. But human nature and mentality have been the same, whenever, indeed, they have had access to knowledge. We have not yet outgrown the greatness of Plato or Homer; nor learned better wisdom than was written in the "Precepts" of Ptah-Hotep, who, in 3,000 B. C., as claimed, extolled the virtues of the "ancients." When we have learned to apply the "scientific method," the method of fact and experiment, to morals, sociology and economics, we shall—and that without further hatching of unborn possibilities of the human soul—achieve, undoubtedly, as grand results as have been won in the practical sciences. For, although we have learned to fly, to speak across continents, and to travel with the speed of the wind, we still lack the power of him that "ruleth his spirit," and are too forgetful of "true religion and undefiled." Why have all these achievements been delayed, as though so much more difficult? In some aspects of the matter we seem to have begun at the wrong end with our progress, in spite of the evident character of the facts of life, and the inevitable witness of God and righteousness readily discernible at our doors.

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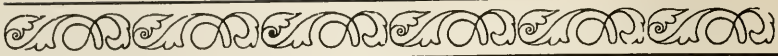
## Refuge

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I shrink from the battle, stern, relentless, hard,  
 When in the throes of Doubt and Fear I lie,  
 And hear no answer to my wav'ring cry,  
 I shrink from the battle, stern, relentless, hard,  
 Blind to the glories of the brave's reward.  
 Trust in my fellows' faith in an unseen God,  
 Shrink like all nature from the freezing sod;  
 Leaving me lost on the trackless plain,  
 Hopeless, afraid, and torn with bitter pain.

'Tis then I yearn for thee, dear Lord,  
 And turn for solace to thine holy Word;  
 With prayer I conquer and the future face,  
 Resolved to cherish fast my Savior's grace.  
 To bury deep the corpses of the slain,  
 Assured that they shall ne'er appall again.

FRANK C. STEELE



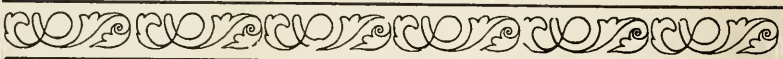
## The Doctrine of the Resurrection

BY ELDER ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE  
TWELVE

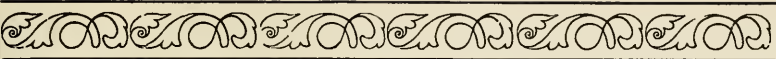
Christ's resurrection was an astounding event. There had been nothing like it upon this planet, though there had been upon other worlds; for this is not the only one of God's creations. He had made millions of earths before he made this one, and had peopled and redeemed them. This earth was created for the children of Adam and Eve, a portion of our Father's universal family; and here we undergo the experiences, often sad and painful, that many have passed through upon other planets, and that many will pass through on planets yet to come; with the promise of eternal life, through the merits of the Son of God, the only name given under heaven whereby such things can be.

These facts are so marvelous, so far beyond the commonplace happenings of human existence, that some people would fain do away with them. Men calling themselves scientists or philosophers tell us that Christ was nothing more than a good and great man, a wise and wonderful teacher; that he did no miracles—did not walk upon the water, did not feed the multitude with a few loaves and fishes; and did not come forth from the grave after his burial. We are asked to throw that all away, and substitute the vain theories of men for the great hope of eternal life, based upon the atonement of the Savior.


Jesus knew it was an astounding proposition—







the doctrine of the resurrection. He told his disciples before the crucifixion, that he had power to lay down his life and take it up again. But when he appeared to the apostles in his risen body they were frightened, deeming him an apparition. "It is I, be not afraid," said he, "for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." He wished to convince them that he had actually come forth from the grave, and he succeeded in convincing them of that fact. One, however, was absent, and when he, Thomas, was told by his brethren that the Lord had arisen and had been with them, he replied, "I will not believe it, unless I can feel the prints of the nails in his hands, and thrust my hand into his wounded side." Now Thomas was one of the Twelve Special Witnesses, whose mission was to proclaim the resurrection of Christ, and these men had to know what they were preaching. They could not go out into the world and say, "We *believe* Christ has risen from the dead; it is our *opinion* that it is so; *peradventure* it happened, as he said it would." What kind of a message would that have been to a waiting world, hungry for the words of eternal life? These men had to *know*, not merely *believe*, and that is why Jesus appeared to them, why he allowed them to hear his voice, and even to touch him, that they might be convinced beyond a doubt. And so, when he condescended to come again—this time to Thomas he said: "Reach hither thy hand, feel of me, and see that it is I." Thomas, no longer doubting, fell at his feet, exclaiming, "O Lord, My God!" The Savior then said: "Thomas, thou hast believed because thou hast seen, but blessed are they who have believed and have not seen."



# Let Boy Scouts Plant Trees and Shrubs that Attract Birds

BY J. H. PAUL, PROFESSOR OF NATURAL SCIENCE, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

Life in the Plateau region, and especially within the Great Basin, imposes the obligation to plant trees. Tree culture is one of the duties of every owner of landed property, and is well adapted to the work of boy scouts. The benefit of planting trees accrues to all the inhabitants. The owners of land are the principal beneficiaries from sylvan conditions; but ours is a land of too much sunshine and not enough shade, hence all nearby residents profit from tree-growth. Farmers are benefited most directly from the activities of birds that make their homes in tree tops and dwell, by preference, in woodland places. Trees and shrubs, especially extensive groves and forest conditions, mean a great increase in the number and variety of native birds; and upon the abundance of native bird life depends part of the prosperity of agricultural industries. Even in the least of farm projects and floriculture, (including, also, forestry and lumbering) birds play a useful and indispensable part.

Whoever successfully rears a tree or shrub, therefore, adds to the resources and actual productiveness of the semi-arid lands. Farmers should rear many more trees which increase the value of the farm in several distinct ways. It is good policy for town councils, county commissioners, school boards, and state officials to rear trees on highways and on all public property available for such purposes; because, in the semi-arid region, the presence of trees enhances the actual value and the sale price of land that supports or adjoins them. Those who come here from places in which trees may represent simply an obstruction to agriculture or a menace to health from the loss of sunshine and the dampness that result from their shade, are likely to overlook the immense and unique value of tree-growth in almost any form to the semi-arid and treeless regions of the dry Plateau. No Western town can afford to get along without shade trees on every open street beyond the immediate business section. No county ditch or canal, no road or highway, but should be lined with trees for shade, beauty, and possible timber or firewood. Every state reserve should contain its young groves of evergreens and hardwoods.

## THE TREES TO PLANT

Among the best trees for Western planting are the following: First, lombardy poplar—the tree that has done more to redeem the

desert and to supply shade and beauty than any other species in Utah. This tree is of great merit where quick growth is desired, and is one of the most attractive objects for desert landscapes. Planted out in the open, along roads and streams, there is nothing finer in the way of long shadows, bird shelter, and towering elegance. Other trees are far more suitable for city planting and for public groves close to towns; but out in the country it is one of the best, and its sticky buds furnish some bird-food. Boxelder is perhaps as good an all-round shape tree as we possess, yet, like the poplar, it is best planted away from houses. It has the ideal shade form—broad, spreading, massive, dense, and oak-like; it grows quickly, considering that it is of the hardwood group of maples; and in our region is not soft, weak, and unshapely, as it often is in humid climates. Its seeds are eaten chiefly by grosbeaks and crossbills. The main objection to boxelder is its infestation by bugs, which suck its sugary juice and by the "woolly bear" caterpillars—the larvae of tiger moths. The boxelder plant bug, half an inch long, with red and black wings, is the worst of these pests. Just now these bugs are coming out of their winter hiding places into the warm sunshine on the south sides of buildings and fences. They should be promptly destroyed. Trampling upon them, or pouring over their heaped-up masses a little hot water, will be found effective.

For city planting the silver maple (not the silver poplar with its woolly leaves!) is one of the best. It has sharply lobed, opposite leaves, whitish but not woolly beneath. Like the boxelder, the ash, and the locust, it furnishes supplies of winter food for certain finches. American ash, the thornless honey locust, the acclimatized English walnut, black walnut, sycamore, horse-chestnut, the odorless ailanthus, hackberry, mulberries, haws, mountain ash, hardy catalpa, basswood, elms, white birch, black cherry, choke-cherry, several maples, native alder and birch near streams, black locust, the jingko and the coffee tree in warm valleys, and cottonwoods and willows along country streams only, are among our best broad-leaved species.

Hackberry furnishes bird-food in fall and winter and is also one of the best shade trees. Its berries hang on the trees all winter, and birds appear to be fond of them. This tree (*Celtis occidentalis*) has been recommended by the Government for Western planting, and seems to do well in our region. There are two, stately and compact, in the grounds of the City and County building.

The various haw trees are attractive to many species of birds. Several native haws grow in the canyons and elsewhere. They are of easy cultivation, make good hedges, wind-breaks, and cattle shelters; and furnish plenty of bird berries during fall and early winter.

Red mulberry is excellent for summer food, as is also the native choke-cherry. Fruit growers should plant some of these in their orchards, also some Russian mulberries, in order to protect their fruits from the attacks of robins and linnets.

McAtee names the gray birch as one of the most attractive of trees for winter food supply. "In summer and autumn it is visited by many kinds of birds in search of the insects that it harbors, and in winter it seems a particular favorite with all the smaller finches and sparrows." He strongly urges, for winter birds, the European mountain ash and the Siberian crab-apple.

Mountain ash, imported or native, supplies bird food throughout the winter. Its red berries persist and are objects of great beauty amid winter storms, when they attract some of the larger bird visitors—waxwings and grosbeaks—also several resident species.

#### THE FINEST EVERGREENS

Virginia cedar is recommended by the Government, but either of the Western cedars (Rocky Mountain and Utah) would probably serve our needs still better. These handsome shrubs or small trees are well worth while in any garden for ornament alone. They grow slowly at first, so that good-sized specimens should be preferred. As soon as they are dug up, for transplanting, plunge the roots into a bucket containing thin, black mud, and keep them there till they are planted; then they will grow without difficulty. This is a safe method for the planting of any evergreens.

The most attractive evergreens in the world are these native cedars (properly, junipers) and the Colorado blue spruce, which has no peer. The Douglas fir (called, locally, red pine) the yellow pine, and the lodgepole pine, all Western, are handsome and easily grown. Evergreens are visited by many of the winter birds, while they furnish nesting places and shelter for others in spring and summer. The juniper "berries," and the cones of pine and fir, provide a certain amount of bird food.

Among annual plants, millet, hemp, oats, barley, unarmed brome grass, wheat, and sunflowers for open fields, and wild rice, wild celery, and pond weeds in marshy places where there is any possibility of attracting wild ducks, may be planted.

The last undertaking should be the work of the state.

#### PREFERRED SHRUBS AND VINES

Various sumachs, among the shrubs, are highly recommended. Probably our own fragrant sumach, the native squawberry (*Rhus aromatica trilobata*) would be the best in this region. In almost every canyon it grows wild, its bright-red, flattened, acid, fragrant berries (with strong, anti-septic odor) being well known to most Western boys and girls. Both handsome and hardy, its berries



are available throughout the year. Its tough, flexible, stems are used by the Indians for making baskets, especially for papoose cages; and would serve boy scouts in several ways. The smooth, elder-leaved sumach would probably be of similar excellence as an attractor of birds. The leaves of both species flame like red fire after autumn frosts.

Native wild rose is a shrub of easy culture and peculiar fascination. Its red fruits last all winter for the birds, while its flowers in summer have few peers as to beauty, fragrance, or number. It clearly deserves a place in every one's garden, and may be had for the taking. Native currants, the best of small fruits, furnish plenty of bird food in summer and fall; they are easily grown, and survive long drouth.

The little native snowberry, like the imported species, keeps its waxen-white fruits through the snowy months. These bird-enticers are of easy cultivation. Among vines, the old-fashioned Virginia creeper holds high rank, and the Boston ivy seems even better. At the University of Utah, a few of the latter have grown up the side of the brick buildings, and their berries have given us, this winter, several flocks of the beautiful Bohemian waxwings. Native climbing clematis is a hardy vine with numerous white flowers and long-tailed, plummy seeds. It climbs with hooks, and will cover unsightly dead trees or fences.

Other suitable shrubs are the common barberry with white, and the black alder with persistent red, berries. McAtee says the sheepberry (*Viburnum lentago*) and the important black haw have unexcelled winter-feeding value, whence we may infer similar value for buffalo berry (*Shepherdia argentea*), which flourishes in the southern and eastern parts of the Plateau, and for native haws, which are found almost everywhere. High-bush cranberry, Japanese barberry (and probably, therefore, Western trailing barberry) and common privet hedge, are others that supply winter bird-food. Trailing barberry, or Oregon grapes, serves also as Christmas "holly."

Flowering dogwood, an Eastern shrub, is highly recommended; but I do not know how well it thrives with us. We have red-osiered dogwood, a shrub of great beauty and high vitality, which also supplies bird-food. It grows along most of our canyon streams, has reddish-brown bark, with strong and heavy wood. It is often wrongly called kinnikinnick, which is rare in this region. Dogwood has red twigs, masses of white flowers, white berries, and large, pointed leaves. It grows well in cultivation if given plenty of water, and is beautiful at all seasons.

As spring work for boy scouts and bee-hive girls, the planting of trees and shrubs that supply bird food has three purposes: 1. to make the country beautiful; 2. to attract and sustain native birds; 3. to develop boys and girls.

## Poetic Eulogy to Green River and the Rocky Mountains

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The editors of the ERA are indebted to Mr. S. W. Ward, of Rock Springs, Wyo., for this photograph which he solicited from its author, Mr. W. J. Stroud ("Rocky Mountain Bill," the Wyoming scenic photographer). Mr. Stroud has traveled over and explored more of Wyoming territory than any other man living. He is said to have climbed its every peak of any importance, and recently hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the summit of Fremont peak, elevation 13,790 feet. Mr. Stroud is in possession of hundreds of copyright pictures, including "movies" of Wyoming scenery, and wild game. Describing his photo on the opposite page, he writes, in the following poem in prose, his impression of the scene as the grand old stream leaves the mountain "land of glistening snow" to pursue its windings, like a silver thread, over the great deserts of sand:

"This scenic grandeur was taken near Mr. John Hay's ranch, with Green river in the foreground. The snowy mountains are fading away; the roar of the river's gushing waters is hushed as it leaves the land of glistening snow; its cooling, quiet resorts are exchanged for the scorching sun and sand of the great desert; its deep valleys of perennial flowers, snow-capped peaks, and rippling fountains are abandoned for a journey of a hundred miles over shifting sands. In imagination, a song of sweeter music than that of the 'Lost Chord' steals over the soul in the hushed silence of eventide. The bugle note of an old bull elk, far away on some elevated spot, challenges the world to battle, and is heard no more for a hundred miles—then we enter the beautiful canyon Ladore."

W. J. STROUD.

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING.



LAST VIEW OF OLD ROCKIES, WITH THEIR NUMBERLESS STREAMS AND LAKES.  
*Photo by W. J. Stroud, Rock Springs, Wyo.*

## What is a Character Worth?

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BY LELLA MARLER HOGGAN

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"He would deal the same way with me, father, if he had the chance, I tell you. Besides he hasn't played fair." And Ned's red lips were firm in defiance.

"That isn't the question, my boy," said Mr. Bancroft, quietly. "We are not responsible for Chester's standard of right and wrong. But we are responsible for your moral character. And I want to tell you this, my boy, as soon as you fall below your own mark of honor you have disgraced yourself in your own estimation, if not in the estimation of others. Just how Chester's essay has been prepared, we have no right to say. The fact remains, that he has lost it, and you have found it; and unless you return it, in time for the contest, you will not only be a dishonest boy, but you will, also, be a coward."

"I'm not afraid to compete with him, fairly. I can do better work than he can. But I repeat it, father, he hasn't played fair. I know for a certainty that Hal Johnson not only outlined his paper, but he wrote more than half of it. I'm not a coward; but I'd be a fool to enter the contest, when his work was done by a high school graduate and I only a seventh grade student." Ned's big gray eyes were dark with anger as he pushed the brown hair back from his brow.

"Very well," replied his father, "if you do not wish to enter the contest under existing conditions, you may withhold your essay. But I cannot consent to a boy of mine dealing dishonestly, no matter what odds are at stake. I am more surprised and disappointed, Ned, than I can tell you, to think that you could cheapen your character, for so paltry a thing."

"It isn't the prize, father, I don't care a rap for the money. But you don't know how it makes a fellow feel to have a chump like Chess play a double game on you. He hasn't done his work on the square for weeks. He has courted the teacher's favor in the most underhanded way. He's a two-faced sneak, that's what he is. And now to cap it all, he gets Hal Johnson to write his essay, and expects us seventh grade students to stand quietly by and watch him walk off with the prize. We had more than one chance to steal his essay, but we wouldn't do it. But when he was careless enough to lose it, and I found it in the rubbish of the waste basket, I think it's no more than right to burn it up and give the rest of us an honest chance to see who wins out."



There was silence for a few minutes, and then Ned's father spoke again, in that same quiet tone.

"Because Sam Jones stole the sheriff's brown mare, is no reason why I should take his last cow, by stealth. And because Chester Bell prepares his essay dishonestly is no reason why you should put a blot on your character. In doing the rash thing you propose, you would not greatly injure either Chester or his teacher, you would not be doing any particular service to your class mates; but you would be stamping a falsehood on your own soul. The matter of the essay and the prize is but a trifle. There is little doubt but that the teachers and the judges will detect the fraud, if the work is very much superior to Chester's regular preparations and the seventh grade class in general. Be that as it may, the incident will pass by and soon be forgotten. But if you do a dishonorable deed to offset Chester's unfairness, you will not only double the wrong, instead of correcting it, but you will also lower your own moral standard. Two wrongs never made a right, you know." He paused but Ned did not reply, and he went on.

"Do you realize that your chief business just now, my son, is the building of a man? It takes problems and essays and facts and figures and various efforts to make up the mental part of the structure. But it also takes morals and manners and heart throbs to complete the moral part of the structure. If a man were constructing a fine mansion, you would think him a fool if he slipped in a handful of straw or saw dust, now and then, in place of a good solid brick, simply because some other builder was doing likewise and claimed that the fraud would not be detected. You know, and any sane man knows, that sooner or later the structure would topple and fall, and mayhap the builder would be crushed by his own craftiness.

"Now my lad, this structure you are erecting is the first and last and only one of the kind you will ever be permitted to build. Don't slip in a lot of rubbish and poor material. Make it worth its face value. Build strong and solid and square. Let every detail be executed with infinite care. Because some cheerful idiot tries to substitute sand for cement, don't follow his example. I've been working on my structure now for forty-five years, and I give you my word of honor, son, it can't be done. Sand can never pass for cement. Make your foundation strong and solid, boy. Take your time, do it right. Then when you come to the flagstaff on the turret, you will not have to lie awake at nights fearing lest the flaws will betray you and the roof topple in."

It was some minutes before Ned remarked, "Guess you're right, after all, father. I'll take it back to him." Then, as he folded the essay as he had found it, his face cleared and the sullen lines of anger gave way to his accustomed smile.

"Quite a price, wasn't it, daddy, to think of paying for a paltry scrap of paper like that," he said, jokingly.

"Sort of a gold brick proposition, wasn't it," rejoined his father, laughing.

"I'll tell you, Ned, I've seen a few sturdy examples of honesty that have made an impression on me, never to be forgotten. One was an old pioneer, a farmer, in a new country, battling with all the hardships that a man has to meet under such circumstances. In order to meet his great necessities he decided, after much debating with himself, to mortgage his homestead. The sum required for his urgent need was \$100. So early one morning, he hitched his team to his heavy wagon, and taking some articles of produce with him to exchange for groceries and other necessities, he drove seventeen miles to the nearest town. Upon reaching the place, he went to the bank, explained his need, and after the documents were properly signed entitling him to the loan, the money was counted out in crisp bills and given to him. Without recounting them, he rolled them up snugly and placed them in his worn money purse and drove the seventeen miles back to his home, through a piercing cold wind from the north. Upon reaching home, he took out his purse and counted his bills, but to his astonishment he found that he had received \$200 instead of \$100. His wife and his son both counted the money and marveled over the serious mistake. The next morning, bright and early, the old pioneer made his way back to the town and entered the bank quietly.

"Gentlemen," he said, 'yesterday, I came here and borrowed \$100 from you. But when I reached home and counted my money, I found that you had made a mistake.'

"You should have found that out, yesterday," snapped the banker. 'We never correct past errors.'

"But it is such a big mistake," urged the old man.

"Can't help that," growled the banker.

"And it's in my favor," persisted the old man.

"How's that!" demanded the banker, beginning to thaw a little.

"The mortgage was signed for \$100 but you gave me \$200 instead," finished the old man.

"The banker was not many minutes in becoming all graciousness and accepting the \$100.

"The old man counted out the money, closed his purse with a snap, and climbing into his wagon he drove seventeen miles back to his home through the piercing cold. Nor did he realize that he had done a heroic deed. 'I wouldn't make a thief of myself for the best hundred dollars that ever come off the mint,' he snorted, when one of his friends suggested that he had acted unwisely."

"It would take a good deal of courage to do that, all right," consented Ned.

"Yes," agreed his father, "but it, sometimes, takes greater moral strength to live up to a fine point of honor than it does to make a sacrifice in matters of money. I shall never forget one incident of this nature that I knew of years ago. It was somewhat similar to the experience you have just met so bravely."

Ned turned his flushed face away feeling that he deserved no praise for the outcome of the little affair just passed.

"There were two boys in the district school," began his father, "who were in the same class and who sometimes sat together. They played games together, and studied together, and yet in a way, they were always rivals. In the debates they usually chose sides and each pitted his cunning against the other; in baseball and various other games they were usually captains and each measured strength with the other. After they left the grades, the rivalry went on. They both loved the same girl. Each of them filled positions of trust and responsibility in their home town and in the county. Finally, a time came when each of them had aspirations for a certain political position in the county. They had to pass a certain examination in the state, before they could qualify as nominees. Each of them had taken the examination but neither had received his returns. The time for the primary drew near. There were other aspirants who were already qualified; and there were heated discussions among the delegates as to the outcome. The results of the examination finally arrived, but for some inexplicable reason, all of the papers were sent to John, instead of being sent to each individual. No one, save John, knew that he had received the important information. He went quietly to his own room. His hopes ran high. His hand trembled with excitement as he ripped open this letter. Yes, there was Harry's name heading the list. Harry had passed the test. He was qualified to become a nominee. But—his heart almost missed a beat—what did it mean? Surely he himself had not failed. Again he ran his finger down the row of figures. Yes, there were the results. He had fallen below the minimum in one subject. He was not eligible to become a nominee. He had failed. The light went out of his face and the spring went out of his step as he walked to his desk and locked the letter inside. What would he do? His standard of right and honor demanded that he should go immediately to Harry, but his humiliated spirit faltered. He thought of all their past struggles together—for money, and place, and love, and honor. This seemed to him, at the moment, to be the climax. If he lost out now, he would lose, not only the position and the respect of his fellows, but he would also lose the means whereby he had hoped to prepare himself for his life's work. And, bitterest of all, he would, no doubt, lose the

woman in the case,—the woman for whom he could have sacrificed his highest ambitions in life. In his soul he knew that he was more worthy of the position than his rival was. There were no hidden pages in his past career. He had made a clean record; which he knew was not the case with his rival. And because of that clear record, his manhood rose to meet the occasion and he faced it squarely. Unlocking his desk he sauntered down to Harry's office, and passing the letter to Harry, he said pleasantly: "Got here just in time, didn't it? Prepare to hoist your sail, there's a strong wind in your favor."

"'Yes?' questioned Harry.

"'Your name heads the list.'

"'And yours?' asked Harry.

"'Oh, I petered out on the home stretch,' said John, quietly." Ned's father smiled reminiscently.

"Was he nominated?" asked Ned.

"Yes," replied his father, "and elected. But he didn't finish his term. He tried to use sand for cement, Ned, and he found it couldn't be done."

"And the woman?" asked Ned,

"Is your mother," said Mr. Bancroft, quietly, as a smile overspread his face.

Ned's eyes beamed with admiration.

"Guess you didn't care if you did fail in the exam?" chuckled Ned.

TOOLE, UTAH



RICHFIELD M. I. A. SCOUTS

On their first annual hike to Fish Lake. Obeying the third point in the Scout Law—a scout is helpful.



## President of the Agricultural College of Utah

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Parents and young people are equally interested in knowing something of men who are chosen to be leaders in the great educational institutions of the state.

E. G. Peterson, B. S., M. A., Ph. D., was selected February 17, by the board of regents as president of the state Agricultural College, to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Dr. John A. Widtsoe. Dr. Peterson was born, August 26, 1882, at Plain City, Weber county, Utah. He is a grandson of William Geddes, a well-known Utah pioneer who, with six others, founded Plain City, in 1859. His early education was received in the public schools of Idaho and Oregon, and in the high school in the Oneida stake Academy, Preston. He was trained on the farm both in Weber county and in southern Idaho. He graduated from the Agricultural College in 1904, with a degree of Bachelor of Science, and was instructor and assistant professor there during the years 1904-6. In the latter year, he took a special course in the University of Chicago graduate school, and at times also assisted at the Utah experiment station. In 1908, he became a graduate student at Cornell, New York, and in 1909, secured from that university the degree of Master of Arts. In 1911, he received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the same university for work in bacteriology. In 1910, he was appointed a Fellow in the graduate school of the University of Chicago but declined. He was an instructor in Cornell university in 1909-10; and professor of bacteriology at the Oregon Agricultural College, and bacteriologist of the Oregon experiment station, in 1910-11. The following year he was appointed director of the extension division of the Utah Agricultural College.

Since the year 1912 that division has developed the system of county agricultural demonstrations, and the home demonstrations which are now at work in thirteen of the large counties of Utah. Under his charge as director, the large round-ups have been developed at Cedar City, Monroe, Richfield, and Logan, as well as the farmers' and housekeepers' institutes in all parts of the state.

Dr. Peterson is a member of the National Scientific Association, and one of the organizers of the Association of Western Land Grant Colleges of which he is a director. He has written extensively upon agricultural and rural problems for the local press, and is particularly devoted to the development of a high rural civilization. His writings, of which readers of the ERA are not in ignorance, for he has contributed a number of articles for



E. G. PETERSON, B. S., A. M., PH. D.,  
The newly elected president of the Utah State Agricultural College.

this magazine, reflect faith in the ultimate destiny of the farming profession. He believes that it will more effectively than now form the very basis of our life and culture. He has expressed himself frequently that Utah especially has been given the privilege of leading the world in the development of rural life, on a high plane of intelligence, efficiency and prosperity.

Dr. Peterson will receive a salary of \$4,000 per annum. He was married about a year and a half ago to Miss Phoebe Nebeker. They have one child.

He is one of the youngest college presidents in the United States. He may even be the youngest. His appointment is well received by the people of the state generally, who join in not only wishing him continued achievement, but in wishing him success in promoting the great work of this magnificent state institution.

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### When a Fellow's Lost his Job

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When a fellow's lost his job and turns into the street,  
With a haunting feeling in the mind that chills from head to feet;  
The world looks mighty frigid, and there is no sweet content;  
For his cheque is not a big one and the landlord wants his rent.

The street car grates a deadly toll that makes him start;  
He sees the snow a-drizzling and the northwind strikes his heart.  
His face it twitches nervous-like when Twelfth Street's called around;  
And he steps into the darkness and forsakes the friendless crowd.

Thief-like he hurries—slackens pace—then stops before a block  
Of tow'ring masonry. Ye gods! His very home delights to mock  
His plight. And wifey somewhere far above! He sickens at the  
thought  
Of telling her. 'Twill kill the precious girl he loves. "Poor Dot!"

He enters. Dot is waiting. How he hates that smiling face to rob.  
He hates to—but he must—so, sinking in a chair, he blurts, "I've lost  
my job."

He didn't see the supper a-piping hot, and Tabby brushed his leg in  
vain;  
And chubby little Tommy a-crawling o'er his back thought Daddy  
sure insane.

He only saw a chasm, yawning, big and black ahead;  
And a wife and child a-pleading for their clothes and bread.

Then Dot, she laughed, caressed him, cried: "Have you, dear?"  
"Cheer up, Jack; you look so blue—and Jack—I see it—fear.  
You, young, strong, ambitious, fear to fight again, and quit?  
Tonight 'tis dark—tomorrow's sun will surely shine, at least, a bit.

"Jack, keep up your chin, and never say all's lost;  
The world needs men, and, back she'll pay the cost.  
We'll fight together, Jack, and win. Yes, win without a sob.  
There, you're smiling! Good! Now, dear, forget you've lost your job."

FRANK C. STEELE

# For the Consideration of Utah Citizens

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BY EDWARD H. ANDERSSON

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When there is talk of preventing the sale of liquor, three reasons among others are often given why it should not be done—it is detrimental to business; it doesn't prohibit; it interferes with personal liberty.

But the greatest of these is business. It has stood solidly in the way in Utah. It has been willing to cut its own throat with whiskey rather than risk prohibition. The hoarded millions in the banks have fairly rattled in the vaults for fear, when there was talk of abandoning booze dispensaries. Men in high standing, politicians from the senate to the police court, have held up their hands in holy horror at the thought. A state that should have led in abandoning strong drink, because a great majority of the people are religious believers in temperance, has been compelled by this influence to tolerate the saloon and to suffer the slimy trail of needless expense, disease, poverty, suffering and crime that line up in its wake.

Isn't it about time the people awaken to the truth, and to the fallacy of this position? Isn't it about time the voters cease to be influenced by false cries of danger, and learn to look after their own interests rather than those of the politician and the saloon proprietor, whiskey manufacturer, and booze dispenser? Isn't it about time, then, to follow the word of God rather than the lure of money?

So many states, and some nations for that matter, have tried prohibition, and found it advantageous, financially, morally, physically, and as a stimulant to true freedom, that there is now no answer which the supporters of the open saloon can give for its existence except personal gain to the manufacturers and owners. A poor recompense for the slimy trail!

The dispatches brought news, some days ago, from Kansas, where prohibition has been on trial nearly a generation—long enough to give adequate evidence of its merits and demerits, that the state has the lowest death rate of any state in the Union. Why? Because the people do not drink liquor.

The United States government officials, in December last, published a report of the death rate for the country. It disclosed the fact that the rate in Kansas was 9.8 in each 1,000 population, which was the lowest in the registration area. The officials did



not believe the report, and sent a special agent who, after a searching investigation, reported Kansas 99 per cent efficient in reports. That did not satisfy the officials at Washington. They wrote to Mr. W. J. V. Deacon, registrar of the Kansas Vital Statistics Bureau, demanding an explanation of why the Kansas death rate was so low. His answer follows in full, as it was printed in January last, in a dispatch from Topeka:

#### REASONS FOR LOW DEATH RATE IN KANSAS

"Kansas is almost wholly an agricultural state; there are only 12 cities in the state of more than 10,000 population, and there is a gratifying absence of slum districts in any of these cities. Aside from the southeast corner of the state there is no mining.

"The density of the population in the state is only 20.7 persons to the square mile, and 70.8 per cent of the population resides outside of towns of 2,500 population or more. The climate, while showing extremes of temperature, is usually mild enough to permit much outdoor work and open windows.

#### INTELLIGENCE AND PROHIBITION

"But it is to the people themselves that we must look for those minor and subtle qualities that make for better and longer living. Kansas is a rich state, her per capita wealth is great and the people are enabled to live well, to clothe themselves properly, to have comfortable homes and to load their tables with nourishing foods. All of these make for strong physical resistance to disease and that psychological poise that directly affects bodily health.

"Kansas is a prohibition state and has been for a generation, and in Kansas prohibition really prohibits. I do not mean by this that there is no alcohol consumed in the state, but the absence of the saloon means much to our grown young men and boys who, in the absence of the barroom, find more healthful pastimes than loafing in an alcohol laden atmosphere, and there is an absence of opportunity to poison the body with the toxins of alcohol which will be sure to show in those organic diseases which are known to be affected by alcohol.

"Another and more important effect of prohibition is that the wage of the laborer or mechanic is not dissipated, but goes to supply those necessities of food, clothing and housing most essential to the well being of their families and themselves.

#### KANSAS DEATH RATES

"The intelligence of the people has, in my opinion, a direct influence upon their health. There is a direct correlation between a low rate of illiteracy and a low death rate. Kansas has an illiteracy rate of 2.2; the people are intelligent, and for many years the Kansas state board of health and allied agencies have carried on a propaganda of public health education which is bearing fruit in the saving of human lives.

"The following table shows a comparison of the death rates per 100,000 population, in certain diseases, between the average for the

registration area of the United States as shown by the mortality statistics for 1913, the latest publication, and Kansas for the same period:

Cause of death.	Rate per 100,000	Population
	Area Mor- tality Statistics, 1913.	Kansas Report of State Reg- istrar, 1913.
Nephritis (Bright's disease) .....	102.9	64.5
Typhoid fever .....	17.9	19.4
Diphtheria .....	18.8	7.8
Tuberculosis (all forms).....	147.6	61.8
Cancer (all forms).....	78.9	55.9
Diabetes .....	15.3	12.9
Pneumonia (all forms).....	132.4	85.5
Diarrhoea and enteritis (under 2 years).....	75.2	52.8
Violence (ex. suicide) .....	92.5	63.6

Kansas has the lowest death rate of any state in our country, because the people do not drink liquor. The people there have put into practice the word of God: "strong drinks are not for the belly;" and further, are reaping the benefits promised to those who keep this law: "I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel and not slay them."

#### EFFECT OF PROHIBITION ON BUSINESS

So much for the health of Kansas. The Governor of Kansas, Hon. Arthur Capper, born and reared in the state, writing in the January, 1916, number of *The Fra*, gives some inspirational figures on thrift and business as a result of prohibition. He states that the prohibitory provision in the state Constitution of Kansas is the portion of the fundamental law of the state nearest to the hearts of the people, and that it is doing more "to make good men and women and to bring prosperity and happiness to the people of Kansas" than any other thing. He then proceeds to point out "some of the benefits which Kansas enjoys as a result of prohibition:"

"Kansas is the State which sends more boys and girls to university, college and public school, in proportion to population (census 1913), and fewer men and women to prison and jail, than any other State in the Union.

"The State which has the highest per cent of home-owners. The last census showed Kansas first in home-owning citizens.

"The State in which banks and not saloons cash the workingman's pay-checks; the same banks which in 1907, the panic year, sent the East fifty million dollars.

"The State with fewer millionaires and fewer paupers than any other State.

"One of the two States of the Union having the smallest number of persons who cannot read and write—less than two per cent of its population.

"The State, which for thirty-five years, has not had a legalized saloon nor brewery.

"The State in which thirty-two counties have abandoned their county farms, and eighty-eight counties did not have an insane patient on their county farms last year.

"The State in which forty counties, out of one hundred five, did not send a prisoner to the State Penitentiary last year.

"The State which, taken upon the basis of property assessed for taxation, has the largest per capita wealth in the nation—\$1,629.61 for every man, woman and child in the State.

"The State which has no bonded debt, except \$370,000 owned by the State School Fund Commission.

"The State which, under prohibition, increased its bank deposits one hundred per cent in ten years. The banks of Kansas increased their deposits \$46,000,000 last year.

"The value of the Kansas orchard, field and livestock crops for 1914 was 638 million dollars. I do not claim that the prohibitory law is the sole cause of this great agricultural wealth, but surely this wealth is evidence that prohibition does not destroy business and the property of a State.\* \* \*

"Kansas, by the last census, was the fourteenth manufacturing State, and its manufactured output was larger in proportion to the people employed in manufacturing enterprises than that of any other State except one; which shows that prohibition begets efficiency in labor.

"And prohibition does prohibit. The per-capita consumption of liquor in Kansas is \$3.04; in the nation it is \$21. Thus Kansas saves thirty million dollars every year directly through prohibition. The indirect gain is not subject to computation, but is certainly greater still.

"Insanity due to intemperance has been reduced to three per cent. The average for the country is ten per cent.

"As a matter of fact, there is no sound argument against prohibition, either moral or economic, not even the argument that it increases taxes, which it does not do. For instance, the taxes, in Topeka are just about the average of cities in the Middle West, many of which get a large revenue from saloon licenses. \* \* \*

"In short, prohibition is an unqualified success in Kansas and our people would not think for one moment of going back to the saloon."

#### TESTIMONY FROM ARIZONA

Our neighbor, Arizona, to the south, is prospering, by leaps and bounds, morally, financially and in happiness, since prohibition was made the order, beginning with 1915. In the January, 1916, *Sunset*, a live monthly, published at San Francisco, George Herbert Smalley, writes an article presenting statements which show that in the face of such a record, "the saloon has no chance of opening again for business in Arizona." Some of his statements are quoted at random:

"Laborers have bank accounts who never before knew what savings meant."

"The savings accounts of the state banks increased by nearly half a million dollars in eight months."

"The total deposits of all state and national banks in Arizona increased \$3,000,000, during the same period of prohibition."

"The rust has accumulated on the locks of many outlying jails, so that they can't be opened with a key."

"Even the city of Prescott did not have an arrest for three months last summer."

Speaking of the arrests, he says:

"I examined the records of the sheriffs' offices and city police stations in ten of the twelve cities that were wet in 1914. I found that there were 3,043 arrests for drunkenness during the first six months of 1914 and 464 during the same period of 1915 under prohibition, a decrease of 2,579, or more than 84 per cent.

He presents the following table, showing the arrests for the first six months, of the last year of the open saloon, and the first year of prohibition. The table names ten cities of the state in which it is shown that arrests for offenses, including drunkenness, fell off, under prohibition, more than one-half:

Arrests for the first six months of.....		1914	1915
Bisbee .....	581	164	
Douglas .....	458	229	
Prescott .....	90	44	
Florence .....	33	5	
Flagstaff .....	90	21	
Williams .....	83	50	
Tombstone .....	85	7	
Tucson .....	702	661	
Phoenix .....	2059	995	
Globe .....	612	214	
Totals .....	4793	2390	
Decrease .....		2403	

#### HOW IT WORKS IN RUSSIA

When the Great War began, Russia forbade the use of vodka and adopted prohibition. The result has been a remarkable increase in the savings deposits, and in the happiness and welfare of the people—accompanied by a marvelous decrease in crime, unemployment, sickness, suicide, arrests and imprisonment. It is generally believed that nothing can hereafter induce the rulers, not even the itch for saloon profits, to ever abandon prohibition, so convincing has been the good results following its adoption. A dispatch from Petrograd some days ago named some of the results of the first twelve months in Russia without liquor:

Crime (all kinds) has decreased 62 per cent.

Absenteeism in factories has fallen 60 per cent.

Suicide rate has dropped enormously.

Hospitals formerly overcrowded are not filled.



Efficiency in factories increased 10 to 15 per cent.

Practically every inhabitant is at work.

Savings deposits have increased 8 per cent.

Fire damage has fallen off 38 per cent.

Wages in some districts raised 500 per cent. (This applies to peasants working as day laborers.)

People are eating better and costlier food.

Better clothing is worn by the poorer classes.

Agricultural implement sales 60 per cent larger.

Imprisonment decreased 72 per cent.

#### PROHIBITION IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

In the great Pacific northwest, Washington, Oregon and Idaho, after less than two months of total abolishment of the saloon, we are told by newspaper correspondents, that the business men of the leading cities favor prohibition as a good business proposition. A correspondent for the press writes from Seattle:

"The dire prophecies of the deposed wets have not materialized.

"Instead of a business slump, times are unusually good.

"Property formerly occupied by saloons has rented freely.

"Collections, say merchants, are better than for a long time. One Seattle packing and provision firm sold more meat, eggs and supplies during the first seventeen dry days in January than during the three months prior, when the city was wet.

Real estate has felt no ill effects, according to a canvass from several large Washington cities.

"But the most marked response to the banishment of booze is shown in the police records of Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Portland and other large centers.

"In Seattle there were but twenty-six drunks

"In Seattle there were but twenty-six arrests for drunkenness during January, as against a former average of 200 drunks a month. The total number of cases booked for all causes in January was almost two-thirds less than for an average month in the old days of the saloon.

"Spokane and Tacoma show corresponding decreases in arrests and crime in favor of state wide prohibition.

"There has been a marked betterment of temper among the people during the past few weeks," said Police Judge Gordon of Seattle. "There has been practically no fighting and very little petty crime since the first of the year."

"The proprietor of a Seattle meat market, near the old waterfront saloon district, is cashing many more checks than formerly.

"The men tell me," he explained, "that they are now buying meat because they can't buy booze. It's not only a few such cases I've noticed, but it has happened hundreds of times within the past two months. These fellows from the waterfront no longer cash their checks in saloons and spend the money there."

"That is the general verdict from merchants in the larger cities."

With these facts staring them in the face, will the voters of Utah at the next election still continue in office, or elect to office, city and state officials who stand for booze, for financial or political reasons?

## Freedom versus Rum

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"Oh, Freedom, Freedom," is the cry, made by the man who steeps the rye. "Of freedom there is none," says he, "when fellows can't get on a spree, and live in glory gay and queer made by the fire in wine and beer. This is a land of liberty; our fathers fought that it might be; placed freedom as its corner rock, and raised a breed of free-born stock." So argues that glib whisky man, who lives by filling tank and can, and dealing out the deadly stuff, a grist of human lives to snuff. And then he further spouts away, about like this, election-day: "To turn the houses pumping wine into a place for making twine to bind the golden sheaves of wheat, would be a lawless act complete, and freedom then would bow her head and weep till eyes and nose were red." Fine logic this, let's all admit—opposed to sense and all that's fit. If freedom means the sale of vice, let's take the slavery over twice. Again, that tipsy guy we meet on car, in grill, or on the street, shouts, "Freedom, freedom, happy land, where men can make or drink the brand that suits the fancy, taste or smell, provokes the loudest sort of yell." Thou fool, such argument is punk, and proves to all you're soaked and drunk; that others' rights you do abuse, when e'er you gobble up the booze. This freedom that you think divine, means not the tanking you with wine, or dealing out the pure "snake-juice," and turning hell and devil loose. It means when I ride on the car, a-reading news about the war, that you've no right to make me sick, the atmosphere around me thick, by blowing out your whisky breath, creating both disease and death. It means you have no right to hurl, when whisky's made your weak brain whirl, a string of oaths into my ear, fill others with disgust and fear. It means that you've no right to take from your own kids their bread and cake, and from your wife the needed shoes, and give her hunger and the blues. It gives you chance to be a man, too big to "rush" the stein or can, and empty out your weekly purse to bring to you and yours a curse. This freedom that you hide behind, to justify your course and kind, will revolutionize your life, restore your broken-hearted wife, put shoes and stockings on your kids, if you'll start putting on the lids.

FRED WALDO CROCKETT

# The Great War

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BY DR. J. M. TANNER

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## THE BATTLE OF VERDUN

What may prove to be the greatest and most costly, and, in some measures, the most decisive battle of the great European war is now going on at Verdun, the greatest French military fortification, about one hundred and fifty miles east of Paris. The town of Verdun is of itself unimportant. It is located on the river Meuse and has a population of about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. At the close of the Franco-Prussian war von Moltke, and other military leaders, insisted on the annexation of Lorraine as a necessity for the strategic advantages it offered against the French. The Germans erected Metz and the French immediately began the immense fortifications of Verdun.

The French were wont to look upon this great fortification as impregnable, but when the enormous forty-two centimeter howitzers of the Germans tore down the forts of Maubuege, Liege, Namur, and Antwerp, the French clearly perceived that their great blocks of cement were unable to withstand the blows that came from the great shells of the howitzers. The fort was therefore immediately overhauled and sand was made to take the place of cement. For a long time there has been going on, in the press, a discussion of the inability of either the French or the Germans to break through the great trenches facing each other in the eastern part of France and in Belgium. Trench warfare on such an enormous scale is new to all military experiences.

Last September the French and English undertook to break through in the country north of Verdun in what was known as the Champagne district. Along a front of about fifteen miles the French under General Castelnau bombarded with their powerful artillery day and night the German trenches. The Germans were driven back a considerable distance. They lost their first and second lines of defense but when the French finally reached the third line they found it more powerfully constructed and in such condition that a further advance would have meant an unjustifiable sacrifice of soldiers. They had, therefore, to be content with the two lines that they had won. It was claimed that the experiences of this drive indicated the preparations that the English and French must make finally before they could hope to be successful in breaking the German lines.

The Germans, however, had broken the Russian lines at the Deumajec and through the walls which they had broken down in the Russian ranks they poured an overwhelming number of soldiers and thus put the Russians to flight in such a manner that they were unable to do more than resist by rear guard battles. The day that that drive was effected Galicia was virtually lost to the Russians. Could the Germans perform the same feat on the western front? In the case of Russia the Germans outnumbered the Russians both in men and guns as well as in ammunition. Such, however, was not the condition in the west. The French line was more compact; ammunition was abundant and the fortifications had immensely better means of resistance. For some time reports coming from the French indicating that the Germans were amassing large numbers of troops on the west, that they were testing the French lines in numerous places, and from Sweden came the report that a council of war had been held in Berlin where the question of an attack on the great fort of Verdun was under consideration. It is said the Generals von Mackensen and von Hindenberg were opposed to the undertaking and that the kaiser finally decided that the army of the Crown Prince should make the venture. For seven days the most terrible bombardment that has ever been known was launched against the outer forts. Many square miles of territory held by the French armies were taken, and finally the fort of Douaumont. Into this great fort the Brandenbergers, a favorite army division of the emperor, fought its way. After seven days' fighting the Germans were temporarily halted, and at the time of this writing no further progress had been made for a number of days. It is said that the Brandenbergers were virtually prisoners within the fort, that is, unless further advance could be made and the French driven back from the south and the west, as the country over which the Brandenbergs had come was within the sweep of the French artillery. In this great battle the French employed a somewhat different method of retreat from that of the Germans of the Champagne. In that campaign the Germans held their trenches until they were overcome and taken prisoners. In the assault upon Douaumont, one of the outer forts of Verdun, the French when they saw the trenches were untenable withdrew from them under cover of their artillery, and thus avoided falling into the hands of the Germans as prisoners. So terrible was the bombardment at Verdun that the sound of the cannon was carried a distance of over one hundred and eighty-eight miles. Infantry attacks upon these trenches resulted in an awful destruction of human life, as the machine guns mow the attacking forces down by thousands, and it is only when these attacking forces come on in such overwhelming numbers that it is impossible to kill all of them, that the trenches are finally reached, and fighting hand to hand with



grenades, bayonets and rifles takes place. What the losses of Verdun are we are not told. The French say the Germans lost fully one hundred and forty thousand men. The Germans report that their losses were normal. What normal means cannot very well be given in figures. If it means what would normally be lost in such an attack, normal losses would naturally be great. If the losses here were even one hundred thousand, and only about one-fifth of the work accomplished, it is safe to estimate that the number of men necessary to take the forts would reach fully a half million. It seems incredible that the Germans would be willing to sacrifice that number of men, or even half that number. Verdun, it is true, opens the country into the heart of France, but Paris is one hundred and fifty miles away; and behind the great forts of Verdun are other lines of trenches so that the German army would not have any triumphal march into Paris. Britain is throwing its men on to the lines in great numbers. In the beginning of the war, its soldiers occupied only about fifteen miles out of three hundred miles. Today the English army extended along the line of fully one hundred miles, and it is estimated that English soldiers now at the front have reached a total of over one million. If Germany was to make a supreme test of her strength, the sooner that test was made the better, as the English and the Russians, in the spring, will be throwing on to the front at least two million more men, fully equipped with provisions and ammunition. Even now the battle of Verdun will be regarded as one of the most marvelous feats of the present war. The work of the German artillery, the whole strategy of their attack, show the most careful preparation and skill. The world is looking on with breathless anxiety, for this great battle is in a large measure the test of the relative strength of the two greatest battle lines of the whole war.

#### THE FALL OF ERZERUM

The fall of Erzerum was a great surprise to those who believed the Turks were in a position to withstand, for months, the Russian attacks, and who believed that the Russians would require a much larger army than they really had in the southern battlefield. Time will afford us some explanation of what is really mysterious now. In the meantime, we may well ask ourselves such questions as: Were the Turks disheartened? Were they short of ammunition? Was their city properly provisioned? Did the German generals take due precautions in strengthening the fortifications? The surrender came like a thunder bolt out of a clear sky to those who are more or less familiar with Turkish tenacity, and who expected that at Erzerum they would show something of those qualities which they so wonderfully displayed at Gallipoli. The unexpected happened. There have been so

many unexpected things in this war that we have become used to surprises.

What does the fall of Erzerum mean? It has a number of meanings. It has made the invasion of Asia Minor two-fold easier than it would have been with the fort standing. It enabled the Russian army, a small one to be sure, to make its way to the southwest. That division of the Russians, joined with their armies in Persia, means the downfall of Turkish resistance in that empire. Persia is now Russian. The Russians are in possession of Kermanshaw. That town is about one hundred and fifty miles from Bagdad. If necessary, Russian troops could float down the Tigris river in great numbers to the relief of the English at Kut-el-Amara. The line of the eastern district has thus been drawn up westward to the valley of the Mesopotamia and northward to the Black Sea.

Another division of the Russian army, how large we do not know, will strike in a southerly direction toward Diarbekr. From this point the German Bagdad railroad would be open to attack from the Russians and so far as we know, no sufficient Turkish army has been placed along its route in that part of Asia Minor to give it adequate protection. This Bagdad railroad has not been fully completed. How many miles of a gap has to be filled we do not know, since the Germans have evidently pushed as rapidly as they could, under the circumstances, the completion of this railroad. If it should be seized by the Russians, the Turks in the neighborhood of Bagdad would be hemmed in. Attacked from the Russians, in the north, and the British in the south, they would have to fall back upon the desert or fight their way out.

The third and most interesting division of the Russian army is that dispatched in a northwesterly direction about one hundred and fifty miles to Trebizond, on the Black sea. This city presents a very picturesque appearance on an elevated table land rising up from two large ravines on either side. Here, in the days of ancient Greece, was the Greek colony of Sinope. It was here that the ten thousand Greeks, in their retreat, embarked by way of the Black sea for their native land. In modern times it is a commercial city of great importance, and its capture by the Russians will be a severe blow to the commerce of the Turks. For a long time the Turks have had a regular line of steamships traversing the Black sea between Trebizond and Constantinople. It is, indeed, the principal seaport of Asiatic Turkey on the Black sea. From this port the Turks shipped their provisions, grain, cattle, and other agricultural products, to the large commercial cities of Turkey, such as Constantinople, Smyrna, and Beirut. Once this port is in the hands of the Russians, it will cut short the food of the civil population in the west. From this point Russia

can carry on more easily her campaign against the Turks in the interior of Asia Minor.

The fall of Erzerum means, in all probability, diversion of the so-called Turkish campaign against the British in Egypt. Every mile of progress made in that country against the Turks means more and more the pinch of starvation. Turkey is not self-supporting, and those parts of the empire which contribute much to the food of the population are endangered by this Russian advance.

One cannot resist, at this point, to venture some predictions. One is that the Russians and English will endeavor, while holding their own on the eastern and western frontiers, to put Turkey out of commission, and compel that country to sue for peace. Once Turkey is brought to her knees, large armies in the east will be released for the purpose of tightening the bands about the Teutonic powers within the present limits of their armies in Europe. Bulgaria will be attacked, and the present attacks upon Italy and future attacks upon Bulgaria cannot be so easily averted, from the fact that Germany and Austria will need every available man on the Russian, French and Italian frontiers. The English and Russian recruits, for the coming summer, will increase the dangers on these fronts to such an extent that military experts believe the Germans will be compelled to recall their generals from the Turkish battlefields, for service nearer home. The enormous areas and vast distances, in the campaign of the Allies, make the war a most difficult problem to them, and call for greater resources in men and provisions than would be required could they do their fighting nearer home.



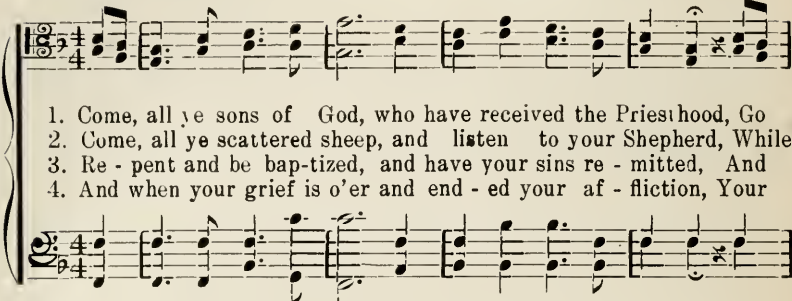
M. I. A. SCOUTS, DUCHESNE, UTAH  
Standing on a 12-foot snow drift. Paul  
Cluff, Assistant Scout Master

# Come, all ye Sons of God

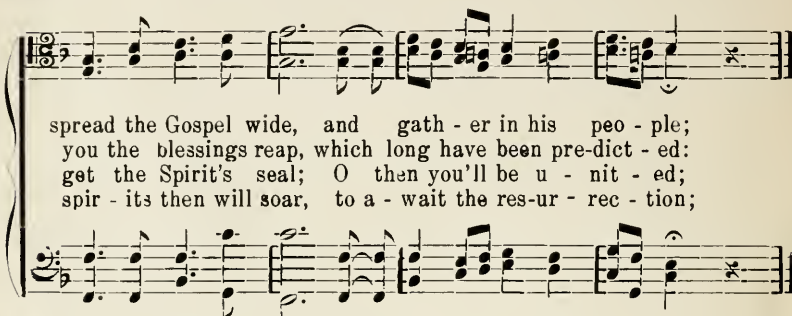
Try this new tune to an old hymn. (Arranged for male voices)

Words by T. Davenport

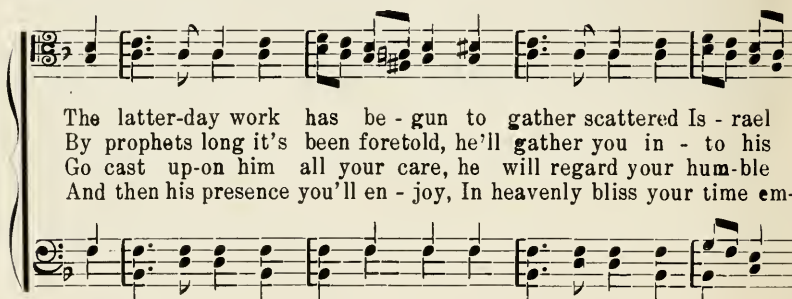
Music by Edwin F. Parry



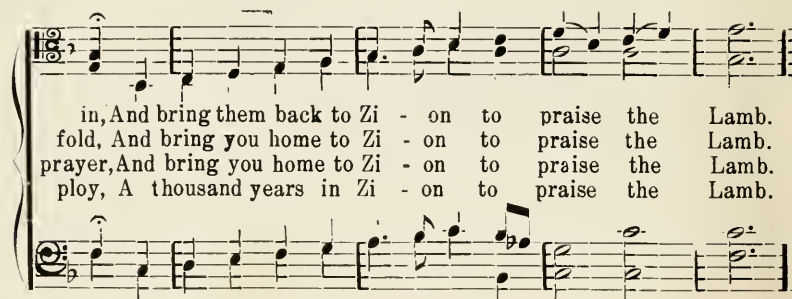
1. Come, all ye sons of God, who have received the Priesthood, Go
2. Come, all ye scattered sheep, and listen to your Shepherd, While
3. Re - pent and be bap-tized, and have your sins re - mitted, And
4. And when your grief is o'er and end - ed your af - fliction, Your



spread the Gospel wide, and gath - er in his peo - ple;  
 you the blessings reap, which long have been pre-dict - ed;  
 get the Spirit's seal; O then you'll be u - nit - ed;  
 spir - its then will soar, to a - wait the res-ur - rec - tion;



The latter-day work has be - gun to gather scattered Is - rael  
 By prophets long it's been foretold, he'll gather you in - to his  
 Go cast up-on him all your care, he will regard your hum-ble  
 And then his presence you'll en - joy, In heavenly bliss your time em -



in, And bring them back to Zi - on to praise the Lamb.  
 fold, And bring you home to Zi - on to praise the Lamb.  
 prayer, And bring you home to Zi - on to praise the Lamb.  
 ploy, A thousand years in Zi - on to praise the Lamb.



# EDITORS' TABLE



## "Liberty in Utah"

With a suasion worthy of a better cause, a writer in "Current Comment," in the January *Century Magazine*, treats, in a most laughable and absurd manner, of "Liberty in Utah." To those who know conditions here, the statements set forth are particularly amusing in their stupidity. The gist of the editorial article is that "the 'Mormon' Church prevented the 'complete facts' of the Eccles case from being sent out of Utah on the wires!" Last summer, a dispatch, we are told, did appear about the trial in the *New York Tribune*, "but it did not come from Utah. It came from Denver, Colorado," and the reason it came from Denver was, of course, that the "Mormon" Church controls the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies, in Utah! We are told that another dispatch was permitted to come from Utah, about the same day, and was printed in the *Tribune*. This dispatch reported that "the Liberty bell had arrived in Ogden, Utah, on its way to San Francisco and had received an ovation of welcome." "The reasons why the 'Mormon' Church might wish to keep secret the proceedings in the Eccles case," are then dilated upon. The proceedings are pronounced "as interesting as the fact that it [the Church] has succeeded so well in keeping them secret." The writer then declares that all this, however, is no surprise to Utah, "where every one knows that the Church has been practicing polygamy ever since it publicly abandoned the practice by divine revelation." But, of course, "if it [the information in the Eccles case]—were wired all over the country by the Associated Press it might create trouble," and so the Church "protects itself with a news censorship that is necessary to the success of the conspiracy." The writer closes with: "It is probable that the non-'Mormons' in Ogden noticed, during their ovation, that the Liberty Bell is cracked."

The editor of the *Century* writes as if he had been inspired by the chief of the Ananias Club of Utah, whose name one may easily guess from his trail—Ogden, Denver, New York, not to mention his associates, high and low, who have ignorantly or for personal reasons listened to his false representations.

A correspondent sends the ERA a letter from Higham Center, Mass., dated January 31, 1916, calling attention to the *Century* article. It is a copy of a letter which had been sent by our

correspondent, to the editor of the *Century*, and in which he is careful to say: "I am no believer in 'Mormon' doctrine, but I believe in doing them justice." He then continues, by asking, the *Century*, "What is your authority for the statements made, and how can the 'Mormon' Church control the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies? My advices from Utah are that the 'Mormons' are observing the law regarding polygamy."

So far, as we know, the editor of the *Century* has not made answer. When he replies, he might also explain why the Salt Lake and Ogden daily papers, which fairly bristled at the time, with whole pages of delicious detail of the trial in question, were prevented from reaching by mail the famishing public in New York and the East. Can it be possible that the United States mails are also controlled by the Church!

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### "Are You Genial? Why?"

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*Collier's Weekly* does not advertise drink and drug booze of any kind, but has not yet strength enough to cut out the cigarette and tobacco advertisements which advocate booze and dope of another kind. However, that the *Weekly* is coming to the light, even on tobacco, is indicated in the following recent editorial, under the heading above:

"Our learned British contemporary, *The Accountant*, in a lengthy and solemn obituary makes this interesting statement:

"He was a lifelong abstainer and a nonsmoker, but, as his many friends will testify, he was nevertheless one of the most genial of souls.

"It is a complete summary of the acidity-of-virtue theory, the notion that being good is such a strain as to frazzle the nerves, disrupt the digestion, and transpose the liver. Why is this fallacy anyhow? Wordsworth knew better when he wrote his *Happy Warrior*. Most of the real saints have been perfectly well aware that a sour face does not prove religious faith. The encyclopedia states that the crusading King Louis of France had a sense of humor, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, drew an unforgetful picture of the abiding peace and joy in a certain good Quaker household where Eliza took refuge. Nevertheless it is an implicit assumption with many of us today that sociability and good-fellowship are to be had only by the pint, plug, or ounce! What makes you genial—when you are so—and are you proud of it?"

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### Tobacco "Does Not Make a Scrub. It Marks Him"

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Dr. George H. Brimhall, of the Brigham Young University, returned recently from a two weeks' visit to the superintendents'

meetings of the N. E. A., Detroit, Michigan. On his return, an enthusiastic reception was given him at the B. Y. U., at Provo, and in his brief address Dr. Brimhall, among other interesting things, referred to the question of cigarette smoking. As reported in the *Provo Post*, he said: "I had always believed that this practice of cigarette smoking made a scrub of any man who indulged in it, but a gentleman in the east seriously questioned that attitude: 'Cigarette smoking,' said he, 'does not make a scrub, it marks him.'"

One morning Dr. Brimhall stood at the gates of the Ford automobile factory watching the change of shifts. Seven thousand men go out and in there, three times a day. Smoking is not allowed within the works. Naturally, therefore, the cigarette fiends are the first to reach the sidewalks, match alight, with the first touch of the pavement. As the procession moved out, Dr. Brimhall said, he found fewer smokers, and the latter half of the men had scarcely any cigarettes. "The average daily wage of the Ford Company is five dollars, and varies from two dollars and forty cents for the scrubs, to nearly ten dollars for the finest workmen. The cigarette indicates the rank of these men in the procession as truly as if each group carried a banner."

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### A Gratifying Survey

Twenty-five years ago, a census or survey of the St. George stake of Zion was taken, to ascertain how many of the young men between twelve and twenty-one years, inclusive, used tobacco. The survey was taken through the efforts of and for Anthony W. Ivins, now a member of the Quorum of the Twelve. Recently the question arose as to whether or not the people have made any progress in the matter of keeping the Word of Wisdom in this respect. In order to ascertain this, Brother Ivins wrote to each of the bishops of the wards which composed the St. George stake, at the time the first statistics were taken, as some of the wards now belong to other stakes, to learn how many of the young men between the ages of twelve and twenty-one, in each ward, are now observers of the Word of Wisdom as far as relates to the use of tobacco. The result is very gratifying, as well as interesting. It appears that the young men between those ages have doubled in the wards which composed that stake, and that the non-users of tobacco have increased about ten per cent. There were 428 young men, in 1891, 91 of whom used tobacco, leaving 78% non-users; in 1916, there are 827 between the ages given, 101 of whom are users of tobacco, leaving 85.1% non-users. The result in each ward is given in the table below. Can every stake

and ward in Zion show as good progress as the wards of the old St. George stake is able to show in this respect? Perhaps no survey was taken twenty-five years ago, in your ward, but do you compare favorably with the showing of St. George today?

## COMPARATIVE CENSUS

Of users and non-users of Tobacco, among male members of the Church in the St. George Stake; ages 12-21 years; dates 1891 and 1916

Wards	Total Males	Users Between 12 and 21	Non-users	% Non- users 1891	Total Males	Users Between 12 and 21	Non-users	% Non- users 1916
Bunkerville .....	20	2	18	90	38	0	38	100
Grafton .....	15	5	10	66.6	*	...	...	...
Gunlock .....	5	0	5	100	*	...	...	...
Harmony .....	11	3	8	72.7	14	0	14	100
Hebron .....	15	1	14	93.3	...	...	...	...
Enterprise .....	...	...	...	...	44	11	33	75
Hurricane .....	...	...	...	...	84	5	79	94
Leeds .....	16	8	8	50	21	2	19	90.5
I.a Verkin .....	...	...	...	...	15	0	15	100
Mesquite .....	...	...	...	...	45	2	43	95.5
Overton .....	2	0	2	100	42	7	35	83.3
Panaca .....	20	6	14	70	53	21	32	60.4
Pine Valley .....	15	2	13	86.6	27	3	24	88.8
Pinto .....	9	1	8	88.9	5	0	5	100
Price .....	6	0	6	100	*	...	...	...
Rockville .....	21	4	17	81	35	4	31	88.5
Santa Clara .....	20	0	20	100	43	0	43	100
Springdale .....	15	0	15	100	15	1	14	93.3
St. George First.....	29	6	23	79	...	...	...	...
St. George, Second ..	18	3	15	83.3	...	...	...	...
St. George, Third....	29	13	16	55	...	...	...	...
St. George, Fourth...	68	15	53	77.9	...	...	...	...
St. George, East.....	...	...	...	...	111	14	97	87.4
St. George, West.....	...	...	...	...	129	21	106	82.9
St. Thomas .....	...	...	...	...	22	3	19	85.4
Toquerville .....	35	11	24	68.5	38	1	37	97.3
Virgen City .....	34	8	26	76.5	*	...	...	...
Washington .....	25	3	22	88	46	6	40	87
Totals .....	428	91	337	78.7	827	101	724	85.1

### "The Truth About Booze"

Under the above title, a recent issue of *Collier's Weekly* contained the following which speaks volumes for itself:

"A New Orleans physician sends up a clipping from the 'Situations Wanted' column of the *States*, a newspaper published in his town:

\*Disorganized.



"SOBER, reliable and honest bartender needs work badly; can open oysters, make sandwiches, etc., clean worker; don't drink; good references; small saloon preferred. K. 832, States.

"BY a married man, 32 years of age, as bartender; can run oyster counter, or work in any part of saloon; employed at present, but wants to change to a place where honesty and good work will be recognized; strictly sober; good references. K 831, States.

"This is what we call a poor card for the booze business. Also it reminds the New Orleans doctor of the joke about the two darkies. One sat down at a restaurant table and, looking up, recognized the waiter as an old friend. 'Huh!' he said, 'I sees you is wuking here.' 'Yes,' said the waiter, noting the sarcasm, 'I'se *wuking* here, but, thank de Lawd, I ain't *catin'* here!'"

## New Books Received

*Gems of Reminiscence*, the seventeenth book of the faith-promoting series, designed for the instruction and encouragement of the Latter-day Saints, has just been issued by the publisher and compiler, George C. Lambert. This series was started thirty-five years ago and was begun again in 1914, since which "Treasures in Heaven," "Precious Memories," and now "Gems of Reminiscence" have been issued. The "Gems" is a book of 192 pages bound in cloth and is sold at retail for 50c, Lambert Paper Co., No. 145 West 1st. South St., Salt Lake City. This last volume has a variety of articles among which are "Among the Cannibals," "Experiences of James S. Brown," "Parkin Reminiscences," seven chapters; "A Sailor'-saint's Adventures," "Obtaining Genealogies," "Warned by the Spirit," "Recalled by Heber J. Grant," "A Busy Life," and several others of varied interest, and faith-promoting in their nature.

*Principles of Agronomy* is the latest book in the rural text book series edited by L. H. Bailey and published by the Macmillan Company, New York. This is a text book of crop production for high schools, and short courses in agricultural colleges, by Frank S. Harris, Ph. D., professor of agronomy and director of the school of agricultural engineering at the Utah Agricultural College, and George Stewart, B. S., instructor in agronomy in the Utah Agricultural College. While the book is primarily a school text book, its discussion, which covers a wide range of very interesting farm instruction, will be useful to the practical farmer. He will find in it the principles underlying many of the practices of the farm, stated in plain and simple language. Many interesting tables are found in the appendix, and there is an extensive index pointing to the subjects discussed. The book contains 450 pages.

## Messages from the Missions

"Four of our elders recently completed the longest trip ever taken in South Africa, without purse or scrip. Conference President Franklin D. Price, of the Cape conference, and LeGrand P. Backman traveled from Cape Town to Kimberley, a distance of 647 miles, and tracted all the towns and farms between the two cities. The last two weeks of their trip was over the Karroo, which is one of the most deserted looking deserts I ever saw, with a house here and there where the section men on the Railway live. The whole country is covered with rocks, and the side that is turned toward the sun has been burned to a rich, red color. Some days they had as many as twenty-four punctures, but

they feel that they were blessed on every hand, and their hearts go out to our Heavenly Father for the way in which they were provided for on the trip. They were out thirty-one days, and only slept out one night. The people welcomed them on every hand, and asked them to return by the same way and stop with them again. One evening, after trudging through the rain all day, they had applied at two places for shelter and were refused; they stood out in the rain and bared their heads, asking the Lord to direct them to a place where they might find shelter and be able to get warm. The very next house which they approached was the place Father had made ready. They were taken in and given warm food, and dry clothing, and given a fine bed to sleep in, after they had spent the evening in conversing over gospel subjects. Elder Backman's feet were on the ground when they arrived in Kimberley; but nevertheless the brethren were filled with the good spirit and were as happy as could be in the thought that they had done a great deal of good for the Church.

"Elder Orville W. Cutler, and Transvaal Conference President Gerald M. Steed are the other two. They traveled from Johannes-



Franklin D. Price, LeGrand P. Bachman, Orville W. Cutler, Gerald M. Steed

burg to Kimberley, a distance of about 330 miles, and were exactly the same time in making the trip as the first mentioned elders. However, their territory was more thickly populated, and some of the people insisted that they remain with them for several days. One man had been praying for more truth, and when the elders appeared at his door, he took them in and promised to get in touch with them when they returned to Johannesburg. Everywhere homes were opened to them, and one night they were cared for in the home of a millionaire, where every consideration was shown them. One day they asked for shelter twenty-four times before they finally secured it, but they had every confidence in the Lord, and their faith was finally rewarded by being entertained in a fine home for the night. Like the other two elders they made many friends who are anxious to have them call again, and go deeper into the gospel than they were able to in the short time they had to stay at one place.

"All the elders in the mission gathered at Kimberley, and on the

8th and 9th of January, we held one of the best conferences it has ever been my lot to attend. Our Father's Spirit was there in abundance, and our hall was crowded at every meeting, notwithstanding the fact that the thermometer stood at 165° in the sun. The elders and Saints are united, and the Spirit of the Lord is manifest in every branch. Already, in the new year, we have done more baptizing than we did in the year 1915.

"That the Lord will continue to bless Zion and all her interests is the wish of the entire African mission. Sincerely your brother, Nicholas G. Smith," "Magdala," Rosebank, C. C., Jan. 28, 1916.

### **The Purposes of the Lord Fail Not.**

President D. Milton Marble, of the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, conference writes: "Our conference was held January 30 and 31. The reports showed progress and growth in spiritual lines and an increase among our friends everywhere. All our sessions were largely attended and the conference kindled a higher interest among the people. A good feeling and kind is growing rapidly toward our people, and we can testify with the Saints 'that the purposes of God fail not.' Our list of baptisms is continually growing, and our branches are receiving loyal support."

### **From New Zealand**

Ren Jackson, President of the Gravetown conference, New Zealand, of Logan, Utah, writes, January 22: "The people of Wavian conference are very indifferent concerning the gospel. There were several, however, who heard the gospel explained perhaps for the first time at our conference on Christmas, and we think much good will result from the efforts of the elders. We had the pleasure of the attendance of our beloved mission president, William Gardner of St. George, Utah. Our friends speak very highly of the ERA."

### **The Tall and the Small**

This picture represents Elder P. P. Merkley of Vernal, Utah, 23 years of age, who has been laboring in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for several months. The picture was taken with the four-year old baby of our last baptized member in Milwaukee, Elliot Beuttner. Elder Merkley is a splendid specimen of manhood, a faithful elder, and is doing good work in the mission field.—Mary Smith Ellsworth, Chicago, Ill.



### **Good Work in the British Mission**

The statistical report of the British mission, for the year ending December 25, 1915, was published in the "Millennial Star," of February 3, this year. It shows that there are thirteen conferences in the mission, not including the Liverpool office, and that the total number of missionaries is 122, including one lady missionary, one apostle, three high priests, forty-seven seventies, and seventy elders. There are 5,789 members, and 1,316 children, making a total number of souls in the Church in that mission of 7,967. There were 298 baptisms performed during the season, and 76 members died. Among the labors of the elders was the distribution of 1,534,323 tracts.

They also distributed 719 Books of Mormon and 848 other Church works, and held 11,612 meetings. President Hyrum M. Smith in an editorial in the "Millennial Star" commends the Latter-day Saints for the willingness they have shown to comply with the law of God concerning tithes and other free-will offerings. The Relief Society especially is doing good work in this line, and during the year distributed in money 328 pounds and 14 shillings, made 2,200 articles of clothing, and assisted 380 families. The society has an enrollment of 731 in the various conferences; and there was an especially large average attendance of 491, at the 511 meetings held. It appears that the total number of Relief Societies in the entire European mission is 99, with a membership of 2,146. The members have made 8,919 visits, and distributed 3,634 pieces of clothing.

### Successful Conference

Paul B. Talmage writes from Trenton, New Jersey, February 25: "A conference of the East Pennsylvania district was held February 13, and 14, and from the reports of the elders it appeared that they are greatly encouraged with the results shown from their labors. The gathering was an entire success, well attended, and a goodly portion of the Spirit of the Lord was present, repaying the elders and the



Saints for coming out in the very inclement weather. The elders are, reading from left to right, back row: George H. Romrill, Saul E. Hyer, Paul B. Talmage, Byron Pingree, Chester A. Asplund, J. H. Williams, Simpson Roper, Glen W. Banks; middle row: Robert S. Hillier, Benjamin H. Knudsen, Conference President E. Woodruff Stucki, Mission President Walter P. Monson, L. Hardy Redd and J. Lester Ogden; front row: Sisters Benj. H. Knudsen, Sylvia Barlow, Edna Crowther, Iris Hawkes and Josie Jensen."

### Great Sale of Literature.

Elder James M. Clarke, Pana, Illinois, February 1: "During the past month fifteen missionaries reported as follows: 170 Books of Mormon sold, an average of more than 11 to each; 3 standard works; 286 small books; 5,000 pamphlets, 340,000 tracts; 422 "Liahonas," 11 "Liahona" subscribers; and 78 meetings. One elder left fifty Books of Mormon with interested investigators. This month promises to surpass last. The outcome of our work will be a rich harvest, we hope. The names of the elders are, from left to right: William M. Blumel,





Maerath, Canada; J. I. Peterson, Blackfoot; Jessie A. Stowell, Lorenzo, Idaho; Herbert Halls, Mancos, Colorado; Alma Packer, Shelley, Idaho; middle row: Samuel H. Zwallen, Ferron; Frank Yurka, Bountiful; Emma Anderson, Fountain Green; Lawrence J. Barclay, Hunter; Margaret Meldrum, Provo, Utah; Alvin D. Reber, Littlefield, Arizona; James M. Clarke, succeeding conference president, American Fork; front row: Alta M. Craig, Layton, Utah David S. Welchman, Grover, Wyoming; Sister Mary S. Ellsworth and German E. Ellsworth, mission presidents, Chicago, Illinois; Frank B. Matheson, Salt Lake City; Fern Harrison, Pinto, Utah."

A. S. Tingey, President of the Brooklyn conference, writes February 5: "This photo shows the elders, F. O. Gledhill, President A. S. Tingey and Elder Julian Neff, of the Newark Branch of the Brooklyn conference, New York. Elders Gledhill and Neff have built up a thriving branch. Upon my visit there recently, they informed me that they are to be granted the privilege to address the congregation recently harangued by Frank J. Cannon. Friends are continually being raised up on all hands who counteract every attack made upon our people. We all appreciate the support given us by the IMPROVEMENT ERA. The acknowledgment, now and then, which it gives of the elders' efforts, is a splendid stimulus to them in their fields of labor. We wish you continued enjoyment and success.



### Disposing of Literature

Elders R. W. Turner, and Fred S. Hess, of Marietta, Oklahoma, write under date of February 14: "In this part of the country, which only a few years ago, was called the wild and wooly West, we have been successful in selling, during the past two weeks, seven Books of Mormon, eighteen small commentaries, besides giving away two hundred and fifty pamphlets, and a great number of tracts. We have had good success in holding eight well-attended meetings, and in finding many new friends and investigators."

### More Elders in Denmark

Elder Alvin D. Stoker, Aarhus, Denmark, February 4: "The elders here are rejoicing in the fact that conditions are now such that a number of elders from Zion are

sent to assist us in the work of the Lord in this district, located so near the war zone. We have had only two elders in each of the conferences, since some sixteen months ago when the majority of the elders were called home on account of the war. Now, however, we have four elders in most of the conferences in the Scandinavian mission. Since we have received new help, we are able to get away from the offices and do some visiting and tracting among strangers. There is a little awakening among the people and more interest is being taken in religion. Our meetings are well attended and many strangers are present. Quite often our choir is invited to attend the different temperance societies, on which occasions we get a chance to speak a few moments on the principles of the gospel. Many love to hear our choir sing the songs of Zion. Their singing has a tendency to draw many people to our meetings. Elders, left to right, back row: Orville H. Larson, Brigham City; Andrew Mollerup, Salt Lake City; front row, Alvin D. Stoker, Clearfield, Utah, conference secretary; Peter M. Lundgreen, Monroe, conference president.



# PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

## Suggestive Outlines for the Deacons

BY P. JOSEPH JENSEN

### LESSON 10

(Text: *Experiences of Early Church Leaders and Members*)

Problem: How can we render best service to our Nation?

When did the Pilgrims come to America? Why did they come to America? What man of the United States is given the title "The Father of his Country?" Relate an incident in his life which shows that he sought guidance from our Heavenly Father, in working for our Nation. In order to learn how the United States got the territory in which Utah is located, let some one report on the Mexican War of 1846-48. (A good reference is Muzzey's "American History," pp. 342-49.) In the "Mormon" Battalion we have a good example of how the Church feels about serving our country.

Study the lesson.

For what privilege was it that President Young said we must obey the call of our Nation? What sacrifices did it require to obey the call? What made it extra hard to obey the call? What advantage would it have been to the "Mormons" to have had the 500 able bodied men to help them? What have you done to be of service to your country? What can you do? What lesson do you learn from the example set by the Church in providing the "Mormon" Battalion?

Answer the problem of the lesson.

### LESSON 11

Problem: How can we get greatest wisdom to do what we ought to do?

What is the meaning of the word "Wisdom?" What are you doing to increase your wisdom? Many people speak of President Young as being a man of great wisdom. Let us study now what he did to increase his wisdom to lead the Latter-day Saints to Utah.

Study the lesson.

About how many people was President Young the leader of when they moved to Utah? How many miles did they have to travel? How did they travel? About what would be a fair day's journey? Tell why you think President Young needed much wisdom to lead this great exodus. How did he get the necessary wisdom for his responsibility? How did Solomon get wisdom to rule over ancient Israel? What are some of your difficulties? What does President Young's way of getting wisdom teach you to do to get wisdom for your problems?

Answer the problem of the lesson.

### LESSON 12

Problem: On what do the blessings depend that are promised to us by the Lord?

Of the blessings you have, which do you enjoy most, those you have worked to realize, or those that have come to you without work? Study the lesson.

What was the statement President Young made when he first came to the Great Salt Lake Valley? Why did he feel such a deep satisfaction? How many times had he and many others been driven from their homes, between 1830 and 1847? Read the hymns, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," and "O Ye Mountains High." Tell how you think the men felt who wrote those hymns? Where was each written? Tell incidents which show that they (1) honored our government, (2) that they were helpful to one another, (3) that they kept the commandments of the Lord. For these and many other good things, the Lord led them to a peaceful home.

Answer the problem of the lesson.

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#### Office Force, Western States Mission

Standing, left to right: Catherine Marchant, bookkeeper; Jos. B. Richey, clerk; Winifred P. Hill, stenographer. Sitting: Oscar G. Lundstrom, mission secretary; John L. Herrick, mission president; Joseph



F. Sellers, Denver conference president. This picture of the office force at the headquarters of the Western States mission, at Denver, was taken at the time that Elder Jos. B. Richey, who has efficiently taken charge of the genealogical work of the mission for the past twelve months, was transferred to labor in New Mexico, under the direction of President Rey L. Pratt, of the Mexican mission, now affiliated with this mission. Also about the time that Catherine Marchant, who has had charge of the bookkeeping and the work of the lady missionaries, for the past eight months, was released. Elders Lundstrom, Sellers and Richey, assumed their duties about the same time, and have labored closely together until the present time.



## Mutual Work

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### Special Y. M. M. I. A. Officers' Meeting

A special meeting of the superintendents and other stake and ward officers of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association will be held in the Barratt Hall, Saturday morning, April 8, 1916, at 10 o'clock. All Y. M. M. I. A. officers, and members of stake presidencies and bishoprics are specially invited to attend.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,  
HEBER J. GRANT,  
B. H. ROBERTS,  
General Superintendency.

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### The M. I. A. Conference in June

Preparations are being made for the June Conference of M. I. A. to be held on June 8, 9, 10 and 11, and the General Boards have adopted the following schedule of meetings for that occasion:

Thursday, June 8, will be devoted entirely to meetings of the Boy Scouts and Bee Hive Girls

A joint officers' meeting will be held Friday morning; and Friday afternoon will be devoted to try-outs in public speaking and music at two o'clock. On Friday evening a social will be given in the Deseret Gymnasium the details for this and for other meetings and activities to be arranged by the committees in charge.

Saturday morning and afternoon separate officers' meetings of the Young Men and Young Ladies will be held and it is likely that some special meetings of the officers will also convene on this date. Saturday evening the grand finals in music and public speaking will take place in the Assembly Hall to be followed by the presentation of "The Dugthier of Jarius" by the combined ward choruses of the Pioneer stake.

On Sunday morning there will be a fast and testimony meeting of the M. I. A. officers including the General Boards and visiting officers, from 8:30 to 10:20, and this will be followed by a general officers' meeting to which the public is invited, commencing at 10:30. In the afternoon a meeting in the great Tabernacle will be devoted to instructions from the general superintendencies of the three auxiliary organizations. In the evening a general meeting will be held in the Tabernacle at which Elder B. H. Roberts is to speak on the subject: "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people."

Committees have been appointed to attend to the details of the various divisions of the work, and it is expected that one of the most interesting and instructive conferences ever held will be enjoyed by those who attend. A slogan for the associations will also be adopted for this year and in this connection it is worth while for the officers to remember the slogans for the past two years.—*We Stand for a Sacred Sabbath and a Weekly Half Holiday, and We Stand*

for a *Weekly Home Evening*. Further details of the program will be found in the daily press and in the May numbers of the *ERA* and *Journal*.

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## Stake Work

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### Be Definite

Our field secretary is always harping on being "definite." He wants "something definite." Evidently the stake superintendent who sent an answer to the stake work committees request which follows had not heard of Kirkham's wants:

The Stake Work Committee wanted the officers to "Name some Y. M. M. I. A. problem, or problems, that you wish to have considered at the June General Conference." The answer came in these words: "There are several things we would like help to master."

### The Aim of the M. I. A.

Elder Aubrey Parker, of Shelley stake, submits the following, under the play of letters in the above title:

The Mutual Improvement Associations point our young people to the way of higher and purer things. It provides the means of promulgating the gospel among the young men and women who are the future leaders in "Mormonism." The M. I. A. is an admirable medium for teaching the gospel in a pleasing and acceptable way to the young. The immature mind cannot grasp the profound significance of many of the gospel truths, hence, we need for the young to have these things presented to them in a way which has an element of appeal to youth. The M. I. A. does it. The need of this auxiliary organization was seen by the early leaders of our Church, and the want filled.

The aim of the M. I. A. is to make better men and better women of our young men and maidens. It is to show them the beauties of a religion, that pre-eminently indicates a righteous life. The aim of the M. I. A. is to help make our young men better missionaries, better preachers and expounders of the truths which the world stands in need of.

The aim of the M. I. A., in class-work, is to help our young men and young women "make good" in their life-work. The aim in instituting a "reading course" is to get the young started to reading good, moral, ethical, spiritual and historical literature.

The aim of the vocation department is to help young men to choose their life-work rightly, and to aid them in showing its value and necessity.

The aim of the Boy Scout movement is to help the boys to the possession of a "sound mind in a sound body" without which they are handicapped in life.

The aim of the M. I. A. is to help our young to help themselves, to help each other; and to develop the best that is in them to their own exaltation and to the glory of their Creator.

The aim of the M. I. A. is to teach to the young the great significance of the mighty truth that "To be clean is to be pure."

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## Social and Summer Work

### Suggestions from Some Stakes

In answer to the question sent to the Stake superintendents in

February, and which were to be answered by March 1, the following stakes reported on question No. 3: What plans are being considered in your stake for Summer Work?

It may be of interest to the superintendents who did not answer the committee's question to read the suggestions of others on what they are to take up. Quite a number of the stakes reported they were about to consider the subject, and had so far no definite plans.

Yellowstone—Socials, athletic contests, base-ball league and a field day, for our summer work.

Utah—Juniors are preparing extensive farm work, under supervision.

Uintah—Scout work.

Pioneer—We are going to devote our entire time during the summer to scout work.

Deseret—Most of our wards held weekly meetings last summer and we are planning the same this summer.

Liberty—Scout hikes and summer camps and rally in gymnasium.

Blackfoot—Summer activities will be confined to scout work and base-ball league, besides the monthly joint meetings.

Oneida—Vocational work, scout work and circuit programs.

Raft River—Programs and socials. The athletic department is planning for base-ball and field meet.

Malad—Scout work and monthly joint meetings.



RICHFIELD M. I. A. SCOUTS

Cross country run. Observe the ladder formation. Roy Chidester, Scout Master, Troop No. 1.



### Saloon Becomes Gymnasium



The young men of Panaca, Nevada, under the leadership of Brother J. R. Smith, have made a gymnasium out of this former saloon building, and have equipped it with wrestling mats, punch bag, boxing gloves, etc. Where men once let whiskey rob them of their better selves, the young men are now rallying for healthful exercise and wholesome amusement.

### Special Activities

Officers are invited to read carefully the instructions given in the March ERA, concerning the preparation of the report on Special Activities, to be sent to the General Board. Please note that all reports must reach the General Secretary by May 25, or they cannot be considered.



TROOP TWO, PRICE M. I. A. SCOUTS

With Arthur S. Horsley, Scout Master, and Dr. H. B. Goertzman, Deputy Scout Commissioner, Carbon Stake



## PASSING EVENTS

**Henry James**, the novelist, died in London, England, February 28, 1916, age 72.

**Mrs. E. L. Hanks**, Charleston, Utah, mother of Cory Hanks, died at the Provo hospital, February 17.

**David R. Francis**, former governor of Missouri and former Secretary of the Interior, was announced by President Wilson as ambassador to Russia in place of George T. Marye, resigned.

**The Panama Canal**, it is expected, will be open for deep draft vessels, again, on or about April 15. Three United States vessels, with a draft of 21 feet, passed safely through on March 16.

**The British government** has been requested by Ambassador Page to explain the recent act of the cruiser "Laurentic" in removing thirty-eight Germans, Austrians and Turks from the American steamer "China" off Shanghai.

**General Felix Diaz** left New Orleans for Havanna on February 26. It was rumored, at the time, that he was connected with the new Mexican revolt in the city of Oaxaca, and that he was planning an uprising against the Carranza government in Mexico.

**The fall of Erzerum**, about the middle of February, was preceded by the massacre of thousands of Armenians who were slain before the city was evacuated. Great rejoicing took place in Petrograd, and other cities of Russia, when the fall of the city was announced.

**Grace L. Stromness**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stromness, and born Park City, Nov. 5, 1896, died in Salt Lake City, March 11, 1916. She attended school and was at one time a worker for the Telephone Company. Her father is at present on a mission in Norway.

**A treaty with Haiti** was ratified by the Senate of the United States, on February 28, which virtually establishes an American protectorate over that country. The United States will supervise the national finances and collect the customs. A native constabulary under American officers, will police the country.

**A new treaty with Nicaragua** was ratified by the Senate of the United States February 18, by a vote of fifty-five to eighteen. The United States acquires a ninety-nine year option on the Nicaraguan canal route, and a naval base in the gulf of Fonseca, for three million dollars. The treaty with Columbia is still pending.

**Richard Winter**, son of Arthur and Hannah Winter, died February 18, 1916, in Salt Lake City, of pneumonia. He was twenty-one years of age, born in Salt Lake City, a graduate of the L. D. S. High School and he had also attended the University of Utah. His

father is a leading clerk in the office of the First Presidency of the Church.

**Forty British vessels were torpedoed** and sunk, without warning, during 1915, according to a compilation of the British admiralty. Fourteen neutral vessels similarly treated are named of which two, the "Gulflight" and "Nebraskan" were American vessels. Passenger-carrying service between the United States and England, was suspended by the White Star Line, on March 1, 1916, which is an indication that its ships will be devoted hereafter to the carrying of munitions of war.

**Americans killed in Mexico.** According to a statement sent to Congress by President Wilson, in answer to a resolution of inquiry by the Senate, it is shown that, during 1913, 1914, and 1915, ninety-six American civilians and sixteen soldiers—one hundred twelve altogether—were killed as a result of border fighting. During the same years eighty-seven Mexicans were killed in the United States and five by shots across the border.

**Carmen Sylva**, Queen Elizabeth of Rumania, recently died. Her death removes from the royal family of Europe one of its kindest members. She was well known in the United States for her literary work, she having contributed to many of the leading weeklies of this country for many years. She was born in Germany, December 29, 1843, and wrote verses with facility when ten years of age. She became especially proficient in languages. She married Prince Charles of Rumania in 1869. Her writings in book form are numerous and well known.

**The French cruiser "La Provence"** was sunk in the Mediterranean on the 26th of February. There were nearly four thousand men, mostly soldiers, on board when the ship was sunk. The destruction of this cruiser is the world's greatest marine disaster. Nearly all who were on board were soldiers, and out of the total number only 743 were saved. It is the greatest ocean disaster of all times. The largest loss, prior to that time was the White Star liner "Titanic" which went down, April 14, 1912, with a death list of 1505. "La Provence" was engaged in transporting French troops.

**A pretty celebration** of Washington's birthday was given by the amateur wireless operators, mostly boys, throughout the United States. They awaited a message of instruction on the night of the 21st, from Davenport, Iowa, and when it came, at midnight, each boy relayed it eastward, in his turn, till it reached the Harvard wireless club, who delivered it to a delegation of boy scouts, one of whom read it aloud from the Lexington town hall. It read: "A democracy requires that a people who govern and educate themselves should be so armed and disciplined that they can protect themselves."

**The new Tenth ward chapel**, Salt Lake City, was dedicated Sunday, February 13. The dedicatory sermon and prayer was delivered by President Joseph F. Smith. In his preliminary talk, he commended the people of the ward on their policy of keeping out of debt. He cited the fact that the ward had not paid a dollar of interest, for they had not borrowed anything, but gradually paid the construction cost as the building was erected. In a general way he advised that wards do not go into debt to build their chapels. Presi-

dent Smith incidentally mentioned that at present there were seventy-one other chapels in the Church, under construction or being remodeled. The Tenth ward chapel has cost about \$20,000, and the ward reported a balance of \$26 in the treasury.

**Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells' 88th birthday** anniversary was celebrated February 29, at the Hotel Utah. The veteran President of the Relief Society was seated as the guest of honor at the head of the long table, at the luncheon tendered by the General Board of the Relief Society. The occasion was, in fact, the twenty-first birthday of Mrs. Wells as she was born February 29, her birthday coming only on leap years. Following the enjoyable luncheon a reception was held on the mezzanine floor of the hotel at which over eight hundred prominent people attended. The Long Beach, California, Relief Society sent congratulations and a large bouquet of Calla lilies, eighty-eight in number, one for each of her years. We join with her many friends throughout the country in congratulating this stalwart woman, not only on her reaching 88 years, but on the splendid achievements of her busy and noble life.

**New York City** is pronounced the largest city in the world, having now a population of a million people more than London. So we are informed in an article in the *World's Work* for March, by James Middleton. The total population of Australia—4,900,000, is not so large as that of New York. Taking in a radius of fifteen miles from the city, an example which they follow in London, New York has a population of 7,500,000 which is 300,000 greater than London's metropolitan area. New York City has a larger population than Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and one-half of Texas. The average increase in the city's population for the last ten years has been 135,000 a year, which would equal an addition to New York City each year of a population as large as that of Salt Lake City and Ogden combined. Imagine two cities of this size being added to New York every twelve months!

**Our New Secretary of War** is Newton C. Baker, formerly mayor of Cleveland, Ohio. His name was sent to the senate on March 7, by President Wilson. After the resignation of Lindley M. Garrison, February 10, Major General Hugh L. Scott, was designated chief of staff, ad interim, for 30 days. The new secretary is 44 years old, and was born at Martinsburg, West Va. He acted as private secretary to Postmaster General Wilson, in Cleveland's cabinet. He began law practice in 1897, and, moving to Cleveland, became city solicitor in 1902, acting for ten years, until his election as mayor. He is regarded highly as a lawyer; the office he now holds has often questions of law to be considered. He was a pupil of President Wilson's at Johns Hopkins, and holds degrees also from Washington and Lee Universities. The members of the cabinet are now: Robert Lansing, secretary of state; William G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury; Newton C. Baker, secretary of war; Thomas W. Gregory, attorney general; Albert S. Burleson, postmaster general; Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy; Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior; David F. Houston, secretary of agriculture; William C. Redfield, secretary of commerce; and William B. Wilson, secretary of labor.

**The Mexican situation** came to the front again in the latter part of February and early part of March. On the 9th of March a number of Americans were killed at Columbus, New Mexico, when an

attempted wholesale massacre of the inhabitants was made by Francisco Villa, the Mexican bandit leader. With an army of from eight hundred to a thousand men he attacked the town and as a result nine civilians and eight soldiers were killed and a number of houses burned. Villa was finally driven off by the troops and pursued, after he took about 100 cavalry horses, his soldiers being put to flight, and two hundred of them are said to have been killed, and many wounded. This resulted in a punitive force of not less than 5,000 men being ordered by President Wilson to cross the border to capture Villa, dead or alive and disperse the bandits. The pursuit was to be under the direction of General Frederick Funston. Carranza was informed of the action, and hopes expressed that he would not object. He replied that no objection would be made if his troops, under like circumstances, were permitted to cross the United States border. This was granted; and on the 15th a large American force crossed into Mexico in pursuit of the bandits, under Brig. Gen. J. J. Pershing. The "Mormon" colonies, at first in grave danger, were reported safe, on the 17th.

**Mrs. Isabel McGhie Cummings**, wife of Arthur F. Cummings and daughter of, Patriarch James McGhie, died Monday, January 17, 1916, at her home in Sugar House ward. She was born in Liverpool, England, December 15, 1859, and came to Utah with her parents in early childhood. The funeral services were held in the Sugar House ward chapel January 23, with Bishop W. L. Hansen presiding. Appropriate musical selections were given by the choir and soloists, and the speakers were Bishop J. D. Cummings, of Wilford ward; Elder William Thompson, of the High Council of the stake, Patriarch John M. Whitaker, and President Frank Y. Taylor. Former Bishop George Romney, of the 20th ward, offered the benediction. B. F. Cummings dedicated the grave at the cemetery. Six members of the High Council of Granite stake acted as pall bearers. Mrs. Nellie Druce Pugsley sang, "Face to Face," and Miss Beatrice Crismon sang "Eventide." Mrs. Cummings was a lovable and kind woman and friend, noted for her faithfulness as a Church worker. Her zeal in religious work and in aiding the sick and suffering, as well as the poor, was well known to all members of the old Sugar House district. She had not held any public offices but her genial personality, her energy in Relief society work, and kindness to the poor, made her beloved by all who knew her.

**Germany's new rule of submarine warfare**, under which armed merchantmen are treated as warships, was put into effect on midnight of February 29. This raised a new problem for our government. It was felt in Washington that our government would refuse to warn Americans not to travel on armed liners, and that our government would contend, with Great Britain and its allies, that merchant ships have a right to be armed for defense, and that our citizens have a right to travel on such ships. The Government notified Germany, through Ambassador von Bernstorff, that it would not accept the German view concerning the right of submarines to sink without warning merchant vessels armed only for defense. A considerable party in Congress were opposed to the administration stand, and it was feared that they would endeavor to force a resolution through Congress warning American citizens not to travel on merchant ships that carried any arms whatever. The Swedish government, in the mean time, warned its subjects not to travel on armed merchant vessels belonging to warring powers after February 29. President Wilson strongly insisted that Congress stand by him in the American contention, and the result



was an overwhelming majority vote in the Senate against the movement to keep Americans off armed ships of belligerent nations. The House, on March 7, voted 276 to 142 for the President's contention. On the same day, in the Senate, Senator Sutherland, of Utah, gave a strong speech and stood squarely behind President Wilson in his policy in dealing with Germany in his submarine negotiations. Nearly half the Republicans in the House voted to stand with the President.

**Canada's part in the War.** When the conflict that set all Europe aflame broke out in August, 1914, Canada realized that the Mother country needed the assurance, from every part of her Dominions, that a united Empire stood behind her; in order to do her part for the Mother Land, Canada promptly sent an offer to furnish 100,000 men, which was appreciated and accepted. It was but a short time, however, until Canadians realized that further sacrifices would have to be made, so that at present the aim is to keep a fighting force of 200,000 men in Europe. Canadians have already won distinction on the battle front in Flanders, for their courage and bravery. Recruiting is going on at a lively pace in the larger cities and towns, a notable feature being the variety of nationalities joining the colors. A great many adventurous Americans, have crossed the line to get a taste of modern warfare in Vancouver, a Japanese regiment is being raised, and soon these sons of Nippon, will be fighting for the cause of their adopted country in a foreign land. Canada's sons, who remain at home, are loyally aiding the Patriotic Fund used to support the wives and children of soldiers, and provide for the cripples that are continually coming home from the front. All thoughts of political differences were shattered the other day, when Sir W. Laurier, leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, presented a resolution to defer the general elections until after the war, thus placing confidence in the ability of the present administration to cope with all conditions, arising. Canada, besides being able to lend aid by way of men, is also a bulwark of strength in helping to keep the Empire's bread basket full, the crop produced last year breaking all records, by far. The railroads, and terminal elevators were unable to cope with the situation, and as a result millions of bushels of grain are scattered over the prairies, in grain bins, and thousands of grain stacks covered with snow, meet the spectator's gaze at the present time. The hum of the thresher will be heard by the farmer, in the spring, as he is busily engaged in seeding for another harvest.—EARL PINGREE, Magrath, Canada.

**James Vincent Winter**, son of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Winter, of Salt Lake City, a third-year student in the Latter-day Saints' University, and seventeen years of age, was killed in a cave-in while digging clay for a college tennis court which the student body were engaged in making on March 17, 1916. The tragedy caused great sorrow to the whole student body, whose happy activities were so sadly stopped.

**Asenath Annie Adams Kiskadden**, mother of Maud Adams, the noted actress, died in Salt Lake City, March 17, 1916. Her daughter, Maud, was at her bedside, also her brothers, D. H. Adams, of Rigby, and J. A. Adams, Salmon City, Idaho. Mrs. Kiskadden was born in a log cabin in Little Cottonwood canyon, Nov. 11, 1848, and was a noted and successful actress of early days, the daughter of Barnabas L. Adams and Julia Ann Banker; her father was a pioneer of Utah, having come west with Brigham Young, in 1847.

James M. Clarke, Pana, Illinois: "We anxiously watch for the coming of the ERA and get an abundance of encouragement and instruction from its pages. Our prayer is that this year it will reach more homes than ever before."

**Binding Prices Raised.** The *Deseret News* bindery has raised the price of binding on ERAS from 50c for single volume, 1 book cloth, to 75c; and for single volume, 2 books, cloth, from 75c to \$1.00. Subscribers sending in volumes for binding will please take notice of the change in prices.

**Stories Wanted.** The winning story in the IMPROVEMENT ERA, February contest, is, "The Valedictorian's Mother," by Myrtle Young, Morgan, Utah. The story which received second place is entitled, "The Coat of Mail," by Ida Stewart Peay, Provo, Utah; third place, "Tendrilla," by Nephi Anderson, Salt Lake City. Seventeen stories were submitted for the March 5 contest, and the winning three will be named in the May ERA. Three more contests will be held, April 5, May 5, June 5.

## Improvement Era, April, 1916

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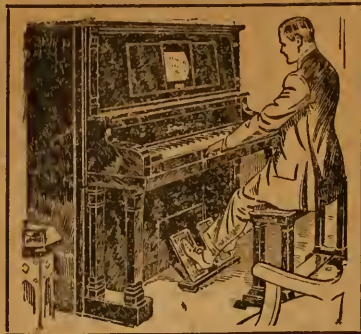


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